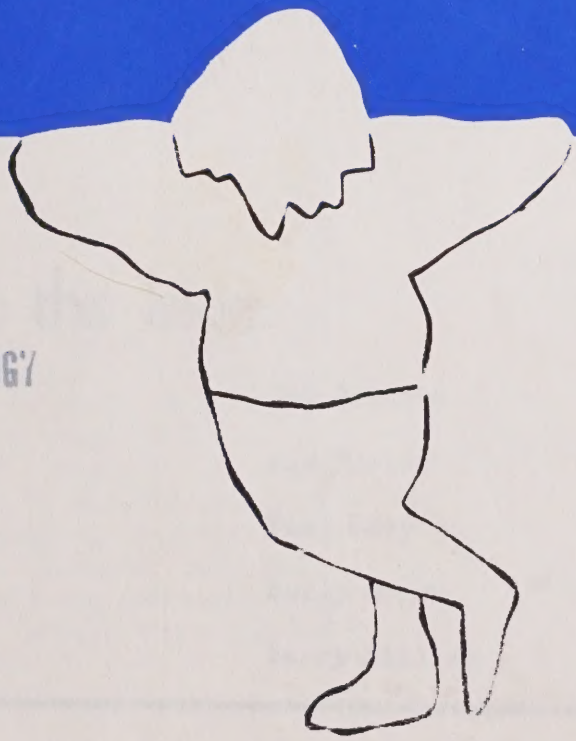
# TARPAPER



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# TARPAPER

The name "Tarpaper" is is derived from convict jargon and is meant to express dissatisfaction with a person, place, or thing. Since the editors have never met a satisfied convict, it seems appropriate for their paper to bear this title.

# Editorial Policy

Tarpaper is published monthly by the inmates of Matsqui Federal Institution. Only opinions expressed on the editorial pages are the opinions of the editorial staff. Other opinions are the views of the particular author. The contents of Tarpaper do not necessarily conform to the official views of either the Solicitor-General's Department or the Matsqui Institution Administration.

TARPAPER IS A MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL PENAL PRESS

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## COVER

The tedious and time consuming efforts required to produce a silkscreen cover are such that very few such covers are found on magazines. We have a lot of time on our hands and our graphics team, headed by Jack Sparkes put in a great many hours each month to produce our cover. Silk-screening is a rather expensive process and so we have scheduled for silk screen covers to appear quarterly, at the beginning of each season.

## Contributors to this Issue

Ray McNicoll
Guy Parker
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# TARPAPER UNDERCOVER

Volume III, No. 1

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# EDITORIAL

Dread of contamination and sometimes even fear of someone, not because he is, in fact, dirty or diseased, or dangerous, but simply because he is a convicted criminal, is quite a common reaction. This fear of contamination by the criminal goes back a long time and has deep psychological roots. It does not even matter whether he is responsible for his crime or not. Prof. I. Kronsteen makes this point clearly:

> "Oedipus is not legally or morally guilty of murder or incest, since he acted in ignorance. But he is something no less horrible: he is a polluted being, a man to be shunned as if he had some revolting and infectious plague."

Today, in spite of enlightened minority opinion, under the surface there is still the same irrational dread of pollution as well as the old desire to make the offender suffer. It is not surprising, therefore, that the concept of prison includes in its ideas and meaning many of which inspire feat and most of which are deeply significant. To the average man prison is one thing, to the judge another, to the mother of a delinquent boy something else again. The victim of an offense and his attacker will usually look upon jail with very different eyes. And even among prisoners there are considerable variations of feeling. To the middle - class first offender prison means exposure, ruin, social disgrace. To the habitual criminal it may mean a rather unpleasant risk which he deliberately takes; or if he is one of the many drifters who populate our prisons, it may mean relief from the demands of the world. To the man who does a long sentence it may seem like eternal bitterness, to the youngster who got off lightly it may herald a new start.

(see next page)

(Editorial (cont'd)

It is the image of prison which is evoked in the minds of the public at large, however, which is of the greatest significance, for this determines ultimately what sort of place it is, or can become. It may affect readiness to spend money, or to tolerate new reforms. The average man's picture of jail influences the effectiveness of our penal methods. Perhaps the most common concept of prison is a place of punishment where criminals are herded together and held in custody. Within this is the idea of expulsion and banishment, age - old and linked to the fear of contamination. The wall which separates offenders from the rest of mankind, and keeps them out of sight, serves also constantly to remind those within that they are in a different world. Prison is a powerful psychological symbol. It is a place where people who do bad things--things which all of us are tempted to do (and sometimes do) are kept apart and held in check.

The force of this symbol is seen by police and public reaction to a prisoner's escape. As a matter of sober fact, thousands of people walk the street at this very moment who at some future date are going to commit murder. One escaped prisoner does not seriously increase the danger to the public. Indeed, such serious danger as exists probably increases in proportion to the fierceness of the clamor which may drive the escaping prisoner to adopt desperate measures. (It is no crime to escape from jail in some Latin countries, as it is considered perfectly normal for a human being to attempt to extricate himself from unnatural and unpleasant circumstances. An escapee may, however, be charged for any damage he inflicts while escaping or for any violence against his keepers.)

Significantly, an absconder from a minimum security institution where no one is held captive by force, will get little attention from the public. It is the man who breaks out from behind the walls who gets the headlines. He must be caught and locked up again. But meanwhile there is a thrill to be had at the thought of the temporary break-out. Yet the very same man whose escape made so many people hold their breath will evoke little interest when he is lawfully released a year later. Except that, perhaps, some news-starved paper may reward him so that the story of his get-away may be vicariously enjoyed again by its readers. Nothing has happened to him in the intervening year since his escape. He has endured the drudgery of floor mopping and may have had one or two dreary interviews with a remote psychologist who makes him the subject of many pages of esoteric jargon which is read by few and understood by none. He is the same man. He has not changed in any way for the better; if anything the notoriety of his escape may have flattered him and made him aware, perhaps for the first time, that he can generate and draw attention to himself by anti-social behaviour.

Any Solicitor-General, told that if he were to institute a particular program that 10,000 prisoners would almost certainly become law-abiding citizens, but 100 would almost certainly escape, would be bound to hesitate: escaping prisoners are news, rehabilitated ones are not.

The number of really dangerous men in prison, in Canada at any rate, is really quite small. Nevertheless, thousands of comparatively harmless minor offenders find themselves behind the same fences which surround the most aggressive and anti-social. The same havy steel dooors clang shut behind the marijuana smoker and the bank robber. The same death-dealing weapons are trained on the joy-riding car thief and the child-molester. It is a curious paradox that the usual penalty for a successful escape is a further six months imprisonment, but the

Editorial (cont'd)

potential penalty, if caught attempting to escape, is instant death by gun - fire without any of the legal safeguards or rights accorded to everyone. This gives the guard who shoots the fleeing prisoner the combined roles of policeman, judge, jury, and executioner.

But this is the picture the public has of prison: A man is a prisoner therefore he must be bad, and a prison is a place where bad men are locked away.

As prisoners are employed in the local community it becomes clear not only that they are much like anyone else, but also that the community may play a part in the reformative effort--a fact which will often occasion justifiable pride and result in a very different view of prison.

Newspapers, reporting a trial will describe a burglar, a thief, or sex offender. But once one of their readers becomes a regular prison visitor(see page 21 of this issue ) he will quite probably not see burglars, thieves, or sex offenders, he will see Larry Lunchbucket or Harry Hardhat who is in trouble, but again, whose real difficulties will begin when he gets out; he will have problems that he cannot solve by himself and he must strive to be twice as good as anyone else in order to appear only half as good. As the White Queen said in Alice Through the Looking glass, "Please! Not so fast! I have to run ever as fast as I can just to remain where I am."

Prison adminstrators in most civilized countries keep before them the aims of reform and rehabilitation and these are considerably ahead of majority opionon---a fact which tends to be ignored by their critics. To what extent these aims are actually being achieved, has yet to be adequately assessed. Perhaps it needs to be more clearly understood that an improvement in prison conditions is not necessarily synomonous with rehabilitation, and that, far from pampering prisoners, more effective rehabilitative measures may well make greater demands upon them than some present methods of treatment. (HM)

# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Aug 14/73

Editor
Tarpaper

Sir: I found a copy of your magazine in the train station here in Kap' and I wish to enter my subscription. I will always look forward to Tarpaper because it is one of the few little magazines with any real originality left in its fiction and because the non-fiction consistently comes to grips with problems worth reading about. I particularly enjoyed the fictional-non-fiction device employed in 1973: A Space Oddity, in your recent edition.

Elmer Neufeld
Kapuskasing, Ont.

Aug 18/73

Editor
Tarpaper

Dear Editor: . . . we are happy to receive Tarpaper, on which is done an excellent editing job. It is certainly one of the finest such publications put out in Canadian institutions. Usually in our office the arrival of Tarpaper means that the staff quit work and spend a few minutes going through it, and being very interested in the contents. . . . .

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. D.F. Knechtel
Executive Director
Prison Arts
Foundation

OUT OF JOINT.....If there isn't a communication breakdown or lack of interest by the authorities who audit this magazine, this column may survive a transplant to the Georgia Street Center. If so, perhaps Tarpaper can gain a little perspective through information on what's happening for us all in the community. Stay tuned.

WHO IS THIS GAZEBO? .....All I know is that he's had two paroles in the last month, but he's still around here bothering everybody.

IF YOU READ ANYTHING.....be sure to read Jessica Mitford's article, " The Torture Cure,".....in August Harpers. Felonious will lay it on you here in Matsqui. Other worthwhile reading, of interest to every prisoner (and every one else) is TRANSITION, published by ex prisoners in Saskatchewan. Copies are available in the Matsqui Library. Subscriptions ($6.00) may be ordered from #1 1918 20th Street West, Saskatcon, Sask. Copy is accepted before the 15th of each month for the month following. Specify if you want anonymity. This include copy from penitentiary staff who want to sound off with safety. Art Montague, the editor, tells me that their only editor ial rule is is, "Be sure of the fact!" Tarpaper seconds that notion.

THEY JUST KEEP COMING....Tony Lorraine has a regular three ring circus going for us this summer. He's bringing out entertainment faster than this magazine can report on it. The music groups are all top notch, unique, and a big hit. And Mandrake the Magician was an inspired change of pace.

GOODBYE WORLD. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Keep your heads high these days, or you'll bruise yourself on these instant fences that are sprouting up all over the joint. Grass is really getting hard to find. Even the good green stuff, cool to the body on a hot day, is out of bounds. Talk about alientation! Are you getting drowning sensations like I?

ON CHECKING OUT.....I'd like to say a good thing about Matsqui Institution

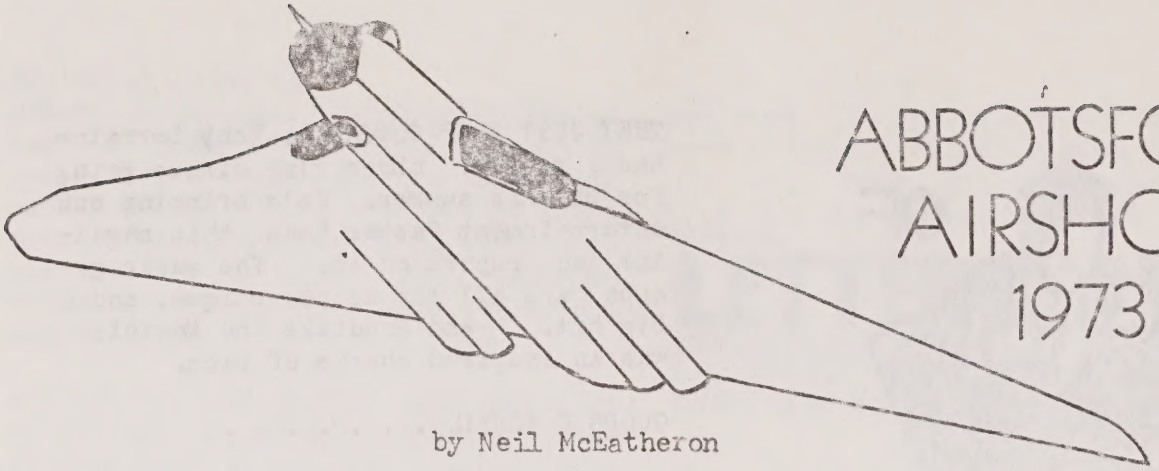
. . . . . .

. . . . . .

well, the view of Mount Baker on a clear day is great.

VIS UNITA FORTIOR

From The New Era



# ABBOTSFORD AIRSHOW 1973

by Neil McEatheron

Thirty inmates from Matsqui were given leave to attend, as volunteer workers the 12th annual Abbotsford Air Show. The 320 who had to "stay home" still managed to see a large number of the participating aircraft because our "home" is a mere mile or two from and directly on the path of Abbotsford Airport.

350,000 people attended the three day extravaganza and about 600 aircraft of every description flew in; either to actually participate or just to see what was going on in the sky that day.

The participating aircraft ranged from the tiny - BD-5 which looked and sounded like an angry bumble bee zipping around, to the huge Lockheed Starlifter, that is capable of carrying 47 tone of cargo or 154 armed troops.

Representing WW1 were two 3/4 scale homebuilt replicas of the Fokker triplane of the Red Baron fame; the SE-5 the plane flown by the Canadian, Roy Brown, who shot the Baron down.

From WW2 there were Mustangs, Harvards, a Japanese Val divebomber; and a 5/8 scale Hawker Hurricane. One of the Mustangs was the famous Miss America specially modified for pylon racing.

The Korean war was represented by an F-86 Sabre, owned and operated by the Boeing Aircraft Company and flown by Paul Bennet.

Probably the most fascinating part of the show were the aerobatic displays, especially Art Schol in his modified Chipmunk, and Mel Lee in the Decathelon. Both these aerobatic stars put their craft through Maneuvers you wouldn't believe; loops, spins, immelmans, rolls, and some that haven't been named yet. At times they seemed out of control, expecially when Art let his Chipmunk tumble straight down from 1500 feet to just above the ground level; and when Mel Lees Decathelon went into an inverted spin from 3000 feet, making nine full turns and then pulling out just in time.

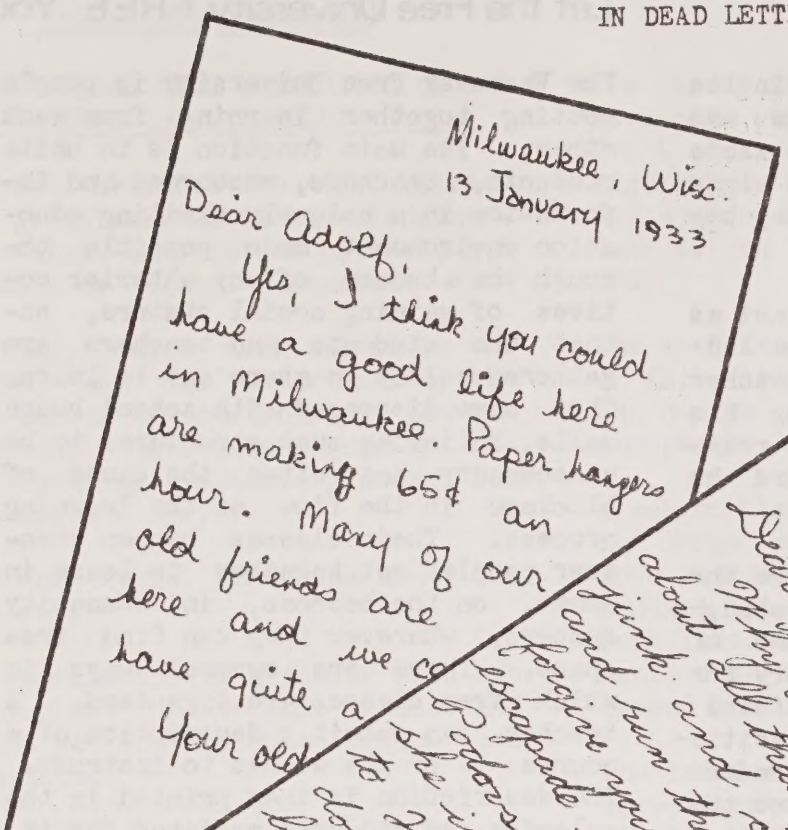
There was one nearly fatal accident when the C.A.F. Voodoo went into a pitch-up at about 600 mph, burst into flames, and exploded. Happily the pilot and his navigator ejected safely. They suffered burns, and at last report were in fair condition after being picked up by C.A.F. Labrador helicopter and flown to hospital in Vancouver.

Nine skydivers linked up in free-fall and formed a star in the daylight sky as they fell at 120 mph.

The most awe inspiring aircraft at the show was the R.A.F. Vulcan, a huge delta winged nuclear bomber. This plane has been in service with the R.A.F. for twenty years, but still looks futuristic.

The Video-tape crew from Matsqui taped the whole show from the roof of a hangar and their work was shown on Channel 3 the week after the Air Show.

UNDELIVERED LETTERS THAT MIGHT HAVE CHANGED HISTORY RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN DEAD LETTER OFFICES AROUND THE WORLD



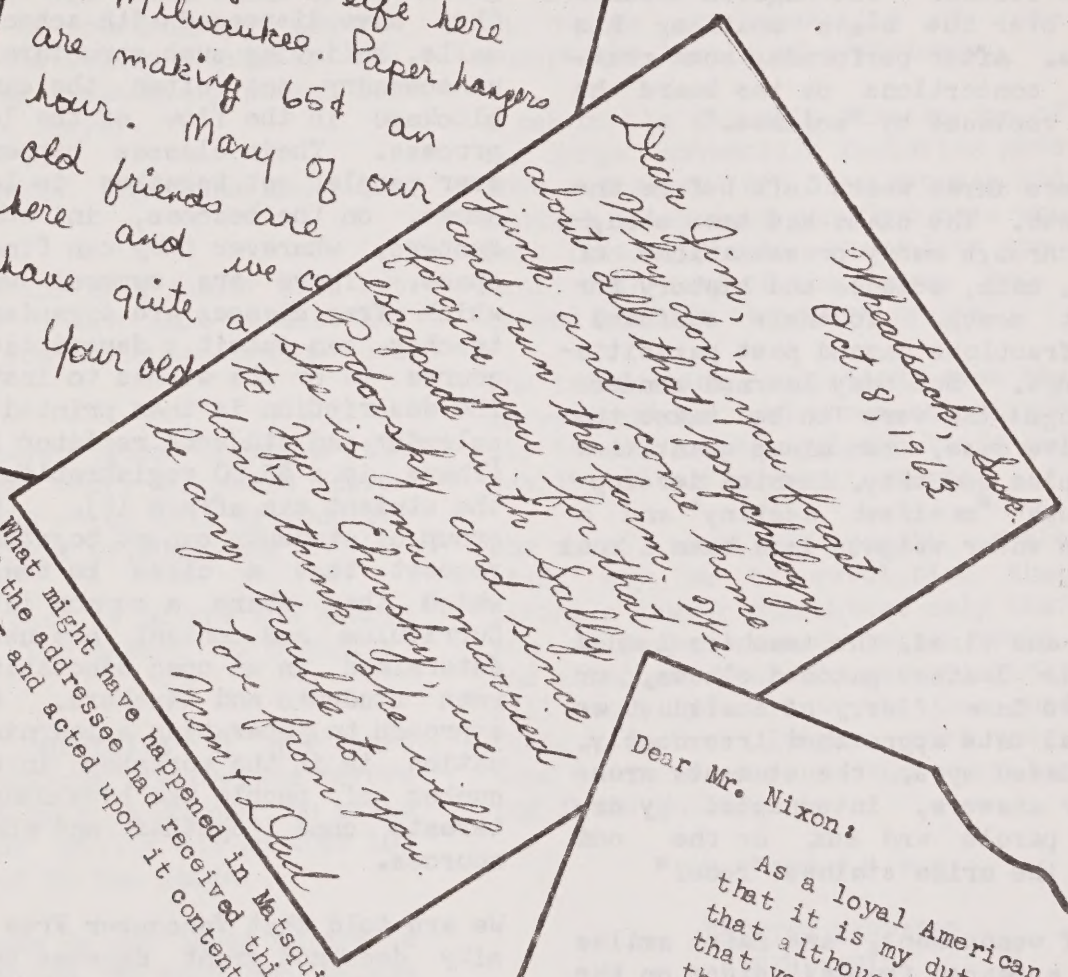
Milwaukee, Wisc.
13 January 1933

Dear Adolf,

Yes, I think you could have a good life here in Milwaukee. Paper hangers are making 65¢ an hour. Many of our old friends are here and we c... have quite a ...

Your old ...

This one ruined the career of a good tradesman because it was not delivered

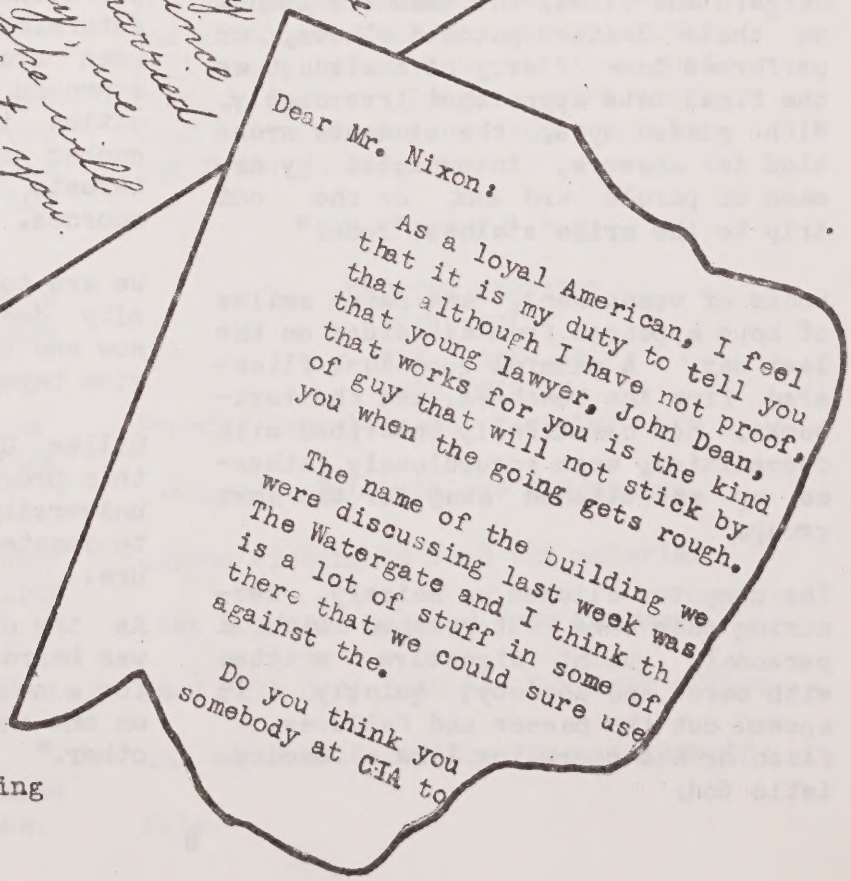


Wheatsoake, Sask.
Oct 8, 1963

Dear Jim, don't you forget
Why don't you forget
about all that psychology
junk and come home
and run the farm.
forgive you for that
escapade with Sally
Polovsky and since
she is now married
to Igor Chevsky, we
don't think she will
be any trouble to you.

Love from you.
Mom + Dad

What might have happened in Matsqui if the addressee had received this letter and acted upon it contents?



Dear Mr. Nixon;

As a loyal American, I feel that it is my duty to tell you that although I have not proof, that young lawyer, John Dean, that works for you is the kind of guy that will not stick by you when the going gets rough.

The name of the building we were discussing last week was The Watergate and I think th is a lot of stuff in some of there that we could sure use against the.

Do you think you somebody at CIA to

Since this one was torn when a sorting machine broke down, it was not possible to find the the writer's name and there are so many Nixons in the U.S. that the Dead Letter Office found the search to be too large an under-taking taking for such an unimportant note

# The Educational Process

by Mr. G.E.D.

At night the classroom relaxed in its austerity. Its drooping desks and barren floors sported cigarette ashes and old coffee slicks..tell tale signs of the cerebral activity the day before.

"Remember, a noun clause can act as the subject or the object of the independent clause. The English teacher peered over the class mouthing his precepts. After performing some grammatical contortions on the board he exited, replaced by "science."

There were three weeks left before the final test. The class had been struggling through muddy presentations of English, math, science and history for the past month. To their confused minds, fractions danced past parasitical fungi. But they learned wonderful things: the verb 'to be' takes the subjective case, two minus quantities form a plus quantity, America developed through "manifest destiny" and a rock in water weights less than a rock on land.

Haggard and tired, the teachers leaned on their leather patched elbows, or performed in a flurry of chalkdust as the final date approached irrevocably. With glazed eyes, the students wrestled for answers, interrupted by dreams of parole and sex, or the odd trip to the urine stained "room."

Looks of wonderment, and faint smiles of hope appeared from all sides on the last day. A painful good luck flickered from the teachers, and the textbooks, now beautifully inscribed with obscenities, were scrupulously gathered up and stashed away for the next group.

The computer clicked on noisely, devouring each card autographed with a personal, quaint signature written with care and anxiety; quickly it spewed out the passes and failures, flashing and chortling like a mechanistic God.

# Let the Free University FREE You

The Vncouver Free University is people getting together learning from each other. Its main function is to unite students, teachers, resources and information in a uniquely exciting education environment made possible through the absence of any ulterior motives of gaining social stature, so-that the students and teachers are gathered solely to share and to learn. They have dispensed with school house walls, believing such structures to be unnecessary and often the cause of blockage in the flow of the learning process. Their classes happen whenever people get together to learn in homes, on the beaches, in community centers, wherever they can find free space. There are several ways in which free classes are organized. A teacher can submit a description of a course he or she wishes to instruct. The description is then printed in the calendar and students register for it. (There is a $5.00 registration fee if the student can afford it). Or, a group of students can get together and request that a class be taught in which they share a common interest. Curriculum and content are usually determined in an open discussion between students and teachers. Another approach to generating a learning situation is in the workshop in which a number of people who have common interests come together and share resources.

We are told that Vancouver Free University does not grant degrees but that now and then they issue medals for service beyond the call of duty.

Gilles Cyrenne, the co-ordinator for this program is making plans for this university to offer its unique program to inmates of Matsqui in the near future.

As the old sage of Second Beach once was heard to say, "All that is needed for a school is a log, with a student on one end and an instructor on the other."

## SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED!

### LAWYERS USELSSS SAYS UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO STUDY GROUP

The Toronto Star has recently reported what a great many of us have long suspected--that lawyers do not help get acquittals or lighter sentences.

The study, which took two years to complete, and was undertaken by the U of T Center of Criminology, has reported that one stands a greater chance of drawing a mandatory prison term if one hires a lawyer.

Among the myths that the study deflated were:

Being represented by a lawyer does not help you get a favorable verdict and does not get you a reduced prison term if convicted.

Having a lawyer does increase the length of your court case--and therefore your costs -- as well as your chance of drawing a prison term.

The longer a case is before the courts the greater the chance of a guilty verdict.

In more than one-third of all court cases, all charges are dropped before the defendant gets a chance to plead guilty or not guilty and another 10% are thrown out by the judge.

High workloads do not cause delays in the court system so much as delays cause the high workloads.

Only 7 percent of those convicted are sentenced to prison without the option of paying a fine.

Pleading guilty will get you a lighter sentence than if you are found guilty at the end of your trial.

Different crimes are treated differently by the courts.

The judge decides guilt or innocence in only about one-fifth of all cases.

The report goes on to say that,"Lawyers cost people time and money, but don't help them get acquittals or lighter sentences. In fact, you stand a greater chance of going to prison if you hire a lawyer to defend you.

The verdict: In terms of providing a fair trial without undue delay, the courts are operating at unacceptable levels of efficiency.

A car on the assembly line in one of our large automobile factories gets more assurance of due process and minimal delay (car manufacturers are more likely to call it quality control) than many of the cases processed through the court system.

The information surprised even the investigartors and shows the disparity between the popular beliefs and reality of our criminal courts.

The most startling result of the study may be the revelation that having a lawyer guarantees only that you will spend more time in court. And although your lawyer probably will tell you that it is a good thing, in fact longer court cases tend to increase your chances of being found guilty.

* * * * * * * * *

RECEIVE TARPAPER REGULARLY
SEE PAGE 16 FOR DETAILS

Pravda, Isvestia and Tarpaper are censored. But with one difference, anyone wishing to read the material that has been deleted from Tarpaper need only drop into the Tarpaper office and ask Harold for the 'encouragement' file.

## QUO VADIS?

Although Matsqui Penitentiary has been open for seven years, it is still not a landmark and visitors often spend hours driving around the Fraser Valley looking for us. One visitor actually wound up in the United States (only two miles away) and, I am told, yet another wound up on the tarmac of Abbotsford airport. The back cover of this edition is a map showing our location and enough of the surrounding area to help people find us. We agreed to print this map after one exhausted visitor enquired at the gate as to the whereabouts of the Lost Penal Battalion. Us, I guess.

## ENLIGHTENMENT

In a recent study, conducted by the U.B.C. School of Social Work, designed to assess attitudes of prison staff members toward rehabilitation programs, one of the areas examined was the amount of education achieved by the staff members questioned.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grade 9 or 10 | 24.40% |
| Grade 11 or 12 | 34.45% |
| University | 23.44% |
| | 82.29% |

The balance, 17.71% apparently have less than grade 9. 3.83% of those questioned refused to say how much education they had achieved, and some of these said they thought that their education had nothing to do with the validity or correctness of their answers! 76 employees of Matsqui Institution claimed to be counsellors while there are only 20 counselling positions at this institution.

## TRAVELLING COMPANION AVAILABLE

Anyone traveling to Mexico and wanting a travelling companion please drive up to the West Wall next Thursday at 10 p.m., dim your lights and be prepared for a fast and exciting trip.

(Classified ad' in the Colorado State Penitentiary inmate Paper 'Recount')

## WRITERS WANTED

One of the aims of Tarpaper is to be interestingly acceptable to the prisoner's family and friends, and to be contemplatively informative to outside readers.

A large sector of our readership is outside the institution and the tone of our magazine must be acceptable to a mature and reasonable audience.

Tarpaper needs articles of a mature and meaningful nature about fallacies in the field of crime, law, and prisons, and what can be done about them. NO WHINING OR SNIVELLING PLEASE. Original material is preferable, but good reprints will be given consideration.

If you have what you think may be good material for a Tarpaper article, but you just can't get it down on paper drop in and talk about it and we will help you get all together. See page 41 for our policy on plagiarism.

This appeal is extended beyond the institutional fences and submissions from members of the public are very welcome.

You do not have to be a professional writer (we're not) and articles should not normally exceed one thousand words.

* * * * * * * * * * *

## D I D  Y O U  K N O W ?

On October 3, 1972, U.S. District Judge John V. Singleton of Houston, Texas, eliminated all censorship of mail, both incoming and (especially) outgoing, for prisoners in the Texas Department of Corrections.

# The New Editor

## HAROLD MERCER

I am Tarpaper's third editor and my first task as such is to keep an eye open for a suitable character to be its fourth -- one year hence.

My predecessor has instilled in me some of his enthusiasm and determination to make Tarpaper a viable vehicle for the prisoners' voice. The growth of Tarpaper, under his guidance, has been at least phenomenal, rising from a witty child with a few pages to a 'slick, sophisticated, adult periodical whose 50 pages of timely and convincing material has earned the praise and encouragement of all.

No penal press editor should ever permit his paper to become a Trojan horse for the administration, nor should he permit the content to become so inflamatory as to provoke disorder. He should encourage freedom of expression while assuring that the publication is constructive. The evaluation is not always easy. One item, while obviously not constructive, might not do any harm; the keynote here being balance mingled with a measure of discretion.

Some prison editors, in other places, have used their paper and their position to curry the favor of the administration and further their own ends by contriving to publish material that they know their keepers want to see in print. Since I am not a candidate for parole this situation will not arise. I intend to continue Tarpaper's crusade against injustice, and to inject good sense and fairness into all areas affecting prisoners and their problems. Tarpaper's major readership has spread far beyond the Fraser Valley. It is read by legislators, judges, clergymen, social workers, and members of the general public; and must now start to talk FOR the inmates as well as TO them.

# THE OLD EDITOR

## Ian Grant

I first encountered the new editor of Tarpaper in a flower bed in William Head Institution in 1968. Every day when I passed by, I'd see him there by the chapel, lurking behind Colonel Attree's prized rhododendrons.

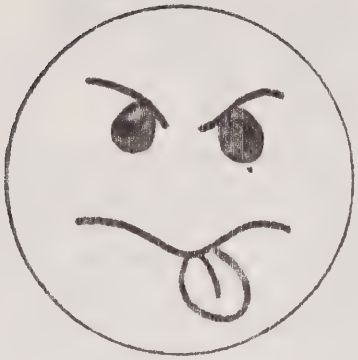
"There's one that's different," I thought."

We never spoke much then, but would instead sometimes join together in a few bars of some obscure song out of the past, as if measuring each other in this rather peculiar way.

He arrived in Matsqui not long ago, and seemed bound for the nearest flower patch, until I discovered he was a formidable typist. Somehow, I intervened, for a showdown between us was inevitable ("He in prison who types best shall be editor. . . . an old lifer's maxim"). Fearlessly, he rose to the challenge of a timed speed duel. He chose the Royal, beat and twisted, and I sat before my trusty Remington. Ten, twenty, thirty words per minute, faster and faster until we both collapsed after five minutes at this suicidal speed. We checked the word totals. A draw!

But wait! He pointed superciliously at my copy. "The quock broqn fuz kumped. . . ." I conceded. "The job is yours," I said. "May the Tarpaper garden grow well."

Anyway, I'm getting 'short!



# THE GAZEBO

I see whare after the last issue a lot of guys was trying to figure out who I am but I told you why in my last colum I don't want guys dumming up when I come around. I don't want no persnl credit and I ain't no rat either.

I see whare Rapid Rick Carter go the cow bone and somebody els got to keep the can of air at thare zoom meeting. I was whaching thru the window and those guys act just like they was executives and big shots. Maybe they'll join the Shiners when they get out.

I been whaching some of those guys that like to put on a brain act and I seen some who goes in the lubrary every day and takes out books with big sounding names on them and they make sure everyBody sees what they got then they bring them back. They can't read them cause these guys spend all thare time talking about themself.

I was whaching when a bunch of guys was stapling the last Tarpaper together and they was working so hard and fast that I bet I was the only one that saw Flying Frank come in and tidy up the mess that was on the floor. Maybe I got him wrong--he's got some humidity in him after all.

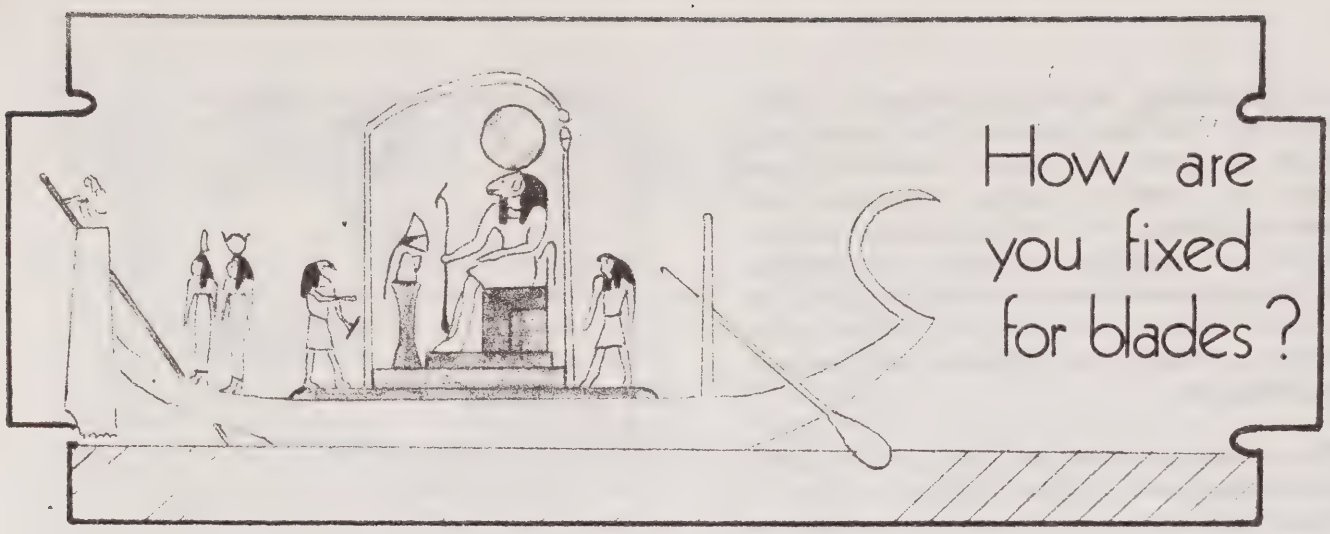
That guy with no hair that grumbles at everybody is stopped grumbling now thats growing back in. Funny that he let it start growing in at the same time he stopped whaching Kung Foo.

For the old editor of Tarpaper I used to put my colum in the encyclopedia in the lubrary and he found it OK. For this new guy who don't know me ether, I think I'll find a new place. Maybe the Hornet's office will do.

Next month the university coarse starts and I just can't waite to see these guys walking around with serios looks on their faces trying to let us know how smart thare getting. It will be just like some of those guys that change friends as soon as thare old old ones get wise to thare act.

I seen a consillor letting a string with a weight on it dangle over a circle the other day and he was asking the circle questions. A few years ago they would of called him crackers and boxed him up. But now he's an intellectal.

Some of you guys are making a big thing about who I am but forget it. Like I said I don't want no persnl credit.



# How are you fixed for blades?

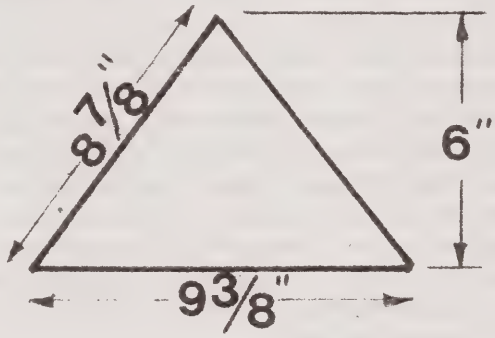
mans' fascination with one of the wonders of both the modern and the ancient world has spilled over into Matsqui penitentiary. The past several months have seen scale models of the Great Pyramid appear in cells and in the library. These tyro Egyptologists have been inspired and informed by articles in several magazines including Esquire and the McNiel Island Lantern. The authoritive book, Secrets of the Great Pyramid, by Peter Tomkins, has sparked the curiosity and fired the imagination of a group of inmates to the extent where a few intriguing experiments are being carried out with a view to testing some of the astounding claims made by other pyramidologists around the world; among the most bizarre of these claims are:

That milk will not sour if stored in a pyramid shaped carton whose dimensions are in proportion to the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

That used razor blades will be sharpened if stored in such a container.

That flesh will not rot if placed in a particular location within a pyramid.

In all these cases, the model pyramid must be aligned with true north, the proponents claim, in order for these amazing events to occur. The only one of these claims that we have thus far been able to verify is that it really does sharpen old razor blades. Using the dimensions recommended in the Lantern magazine,




we placed a well used and obviously dull Minora razor blade on a small platform 2" high in the center of the cardboard pyramid which had been aligned with true north, the edges of the blade running east and west. The blade was initialled with a felt-tipped pen and the pyramid was sealed and signatures written in a way such that the pyramid could not be opened without disturbing them. The project was then allowed to sit, undisturbed, for 144 hours at the end of which time the seals were broken and the blade examined. An experimenter then lathered up and, not having shaved for 24 hours, proceeded to do so, using the "treated" blade. I know none of you guys are going to accept this, but that blade was sharp and did a baby's A smooth job of shaving. Slickly, and without any pulls or tugs, it did a first rate job of shaving for precisely six strokes, three from each side of the blade, and then instantly reverted to its former dullness. Recovering from

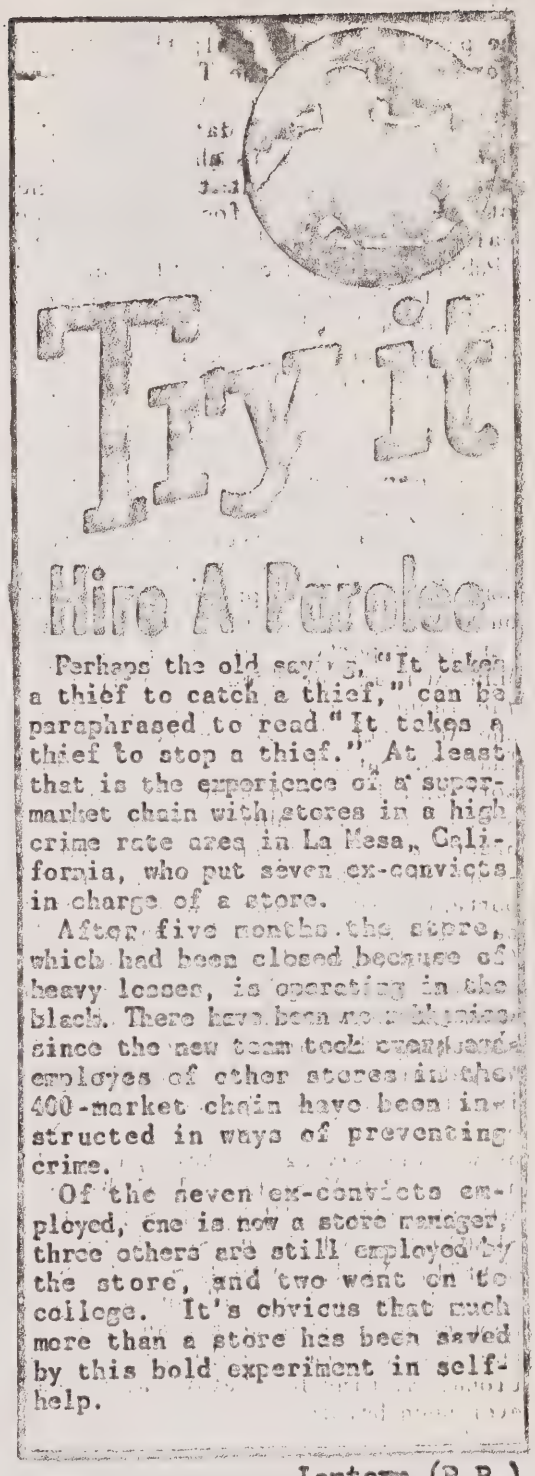
our amazement, we then decided to return it to the pyramid for a while in order to give it another shot of whatever it gets in there. Another six days elapsed, following which we observed a similar return to sharpness. We do not know how this works, nor, we suspect, does anyone else. One authority attempts to explain the phenomena this way:

"The edge of a razor blade has a crystal structure which 'alive' and after use, this sharpness becomes deformed, but the deformation need not be permanent. Some materials are able to return to their original form after a time, even in their crystal structure.

This 'authority' goes on to say, "Various forms such as spheres, pyramids, semi-spheres, squares--act as different types of resonators for the energy all around us. Just as the special shape of a violin give tone and quality to a bow touching a string, the special shape of a pyramid apparently is a resonant cavity for 'live' crystals of a razor blade."

It is also reported that some of these forms are very healthful for humans. The sphere shape, for instance, has a good effect. So does the pyramid form. Some researchers believe if hospitals were built on this form, patients would get better faster. A semi-sphere, on the other hand, exerts an unhealthy effect on the organism. It is a difficult theory to explain, and we do not pretend to have any answers.

All we really know is that it really did restore, at least temporarily, our razor blade to sharpness. Our interest grows and our experiments continue.

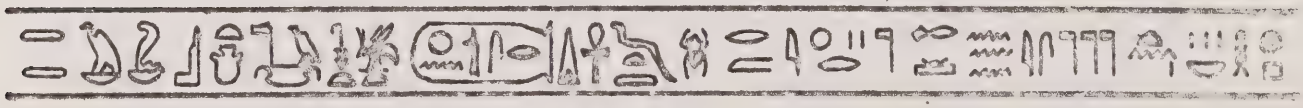



Perhaps the old saying, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," can be paraphrased to read "It takes a thief to stop a thief." At least that is the experience of a supermarket chain with stores in a high crime rate area in La Mesa, California, who put seven ex-convicts in charge of a store.

After five months the store, which had been closed because of heavy losses, is operating in the black. There have been no burglaries since the new team took over, and employees of other stores in the 400-market chain have been instructed in ways of preventing crime.

Of the seven ex-convicts employed, one is now a store manager, three others are still employed by the store, and two went on to college. It's obvious that much more than a store has been saved by this bold experiment in self-help.

Lantern (P.P.)



# The Penal Press

The first prison publication appeared in the 1880's. Since that time hundreds of others have been born and have died, but there are now over two hundred printed and distributed with some kind of regularity in the U.S. and Canada. Their size and quality varies from one or two mimeographed pages to magazines that rival the professional. Their viewpoints vary almost as widely. Many prison publications are nothing more than a means for the prison administration to circulate rule and routine changes and are rigidly controlled and censored. Others are censored but no attempt is made to "stack the deck" by the administration. The ideal situation is where inmate editors have a big budget and a free hand. But I can't guess where that can be.

Originally, penal publications came into being because they would perform useful functions: they would perform on-the-job training for would-be writers, and they would provide one more way to keep men occupied. "You can't organize a riot or dig a tunnel while beating the hell out of a typewriter or watching to make sure that the duplicating machine doesn't gobble up the whole stack of paper in one gulp." These were the practical considerations.

Today, the penal press has another goal: it speaks FOR the prisoner, as well as TO him. The primary audience is outside the fence where all worthwhile changes must originate. The penal press speaks to lessen the misunderstandings that abound outside the prison. Penal publications are sent to legislators, politicians, city and university libraries, judges, clergymen, and social workers, penologists, doctors, psychiatrists, educators and the editors of outside magazines and newspapers and the publishers of books. Families of inmates and other interested individuals also receive copies of penal publications.

Some penal publications carry advertising and sell subscriptions; their circulation is limited only by the appeal of the periodical. They may possibly operate at a profit. Others operate on a modest budget and have small printings; the only way they have of increasing readership is to place their publications in the hands of groups. Both are making people realize that the prisoner is a sensitive human being, not the caricature presented by movies, television, and yellow journalism. Even an essentially good man can err. The penal press wants people to understand that because a man has stepped into the shadows does not mean that he can never find the light again.

But the first two reasons for the existence of the penal press are still valid ones: an active man is not fomenting disorder, and it does spark creativity inside the walls. The penal press gives an aspiring writer or artist a showcase for his wares. He is able to try his wings while he is learning to soar.

Sir Walter Raleigh, O. Henry, Oscar Wilde, and Adolph Hitler all wrote while in prison; but of these only O. Henry can be considered a prison writer. Prison is not the ideal place to learn writing, or any craft. The penal press should and does take every opportunity to give recognition to creative inmates. A man who does learn a craft is displaying the kind of self-discipline needed to stay out of places like this. He deserves encouragement from everyone.

# THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR OUR FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

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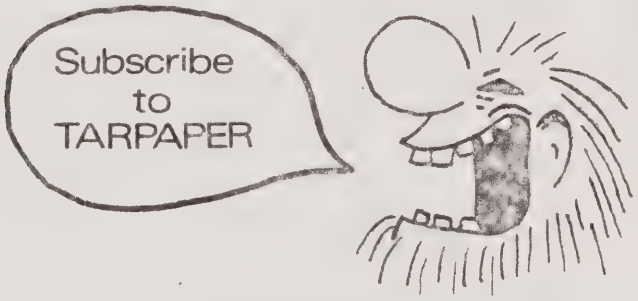


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Back in the days before inmate hobby-work was called occupational therapy, in fact before there was even hobby-work -- not counting bar sawing, bull-baiting, and tunnel engineering--some of us used to have pets.

These were unofficial pets, of course, our Robert Strouds were few and far between. Our San Quentins and Alcatrazes weren't though. Anyway, we had pets. Some cons had cockroaches. One had crabs. . . as pets, I mean. He used to try and train them. I used to have mice; little defenceless grey things. . . they all looked the same. I had to paint numbers on them and keep them in separate little boxes so that I could tell them apart. Worked out OK though.

Before I get into how I trained my mice, maybe I should explain that the prisons all have lots of mice, I guess because most of them are so old and decrepit, and quite a few have cockroaches and crabs too.

I started catching mice and training them because they used to keep me awake at night. They'd make a lot of noise, steal my scraps of extra food and just generally bug me. I finally said to myself, "Slow George, they must be made to behave!" So I caught them, numbered them and put them in little boxes. "Mice, you shall be trained not to mess with me! You shall not only pay for bugging a powerful me, you shall also be thankful to me for making you pay."

Well, now I had them. First I decide to put a little sensory deprivation on the. I kept them in their little boxes. I fed them the exact same thing every day. I made sure the boxes were too small for them to move around much and I made sure they were always dark. And all the while I said to them over and over again, "Behave, you bastards, behave." Some of those mice really freaked, but some of the others started to shape up. I let the second group go. They'd remember those little cubicles and never come back to bother me again. As for the other bunch, I laid on a stress assessment trip. I threw them all into one big box with nothing to do but pick at each other twenty-four hours a day. I kept a light on the all the time, too. And got them fighting amongst themselves. The ones that didn't fight I figured were OK so finally I'd let them go. Not only did they keep away from me after that they kept away from their fellow mice too. Better a half crazy hermit mouse than a friendly pest mouse.

The ones that were still left went back into the little boxes for a month or so, until I got together some Anectine and Prolixin. By now I sorta figured, "What the hell, cure 'em or kill 'em; either way they're going to behave the way I want." That Anectine was really neat stuff. It makes the mouse think he's suffocating because it screws up his breathing. I guess even a crummy-no-account mouse doesn't like to think it's dying, because when I told them to clean up their act or get more Anectine, a lot of them did. The ones that didn't clean up their act, got the Prolixin trip, this stuff is the real kill or cure goody. It's only a tranquilizer, but by now the leftover mice were nuts enough to need one that they'd be vulnerable enough for me to work on their heads. The best part of this Prolixin is the side effects. The manufacturer says it can cause "the inducement of a catatonic-like state, nausea, loss of appetite, headache, constipation, blurred vision, glaucoma, bladder paralysis, impotency, liver damage, fatal cardiac arrest, and cerebral edema. Best part is that even when I took the mice off the drug a lot of the weird ailments, the ones that didn't kill outright, were incurable.

It's been a long time since mice messed with me because they know I made them behave! Funny when you think of it, though, how much like a mouse is a con. Maybe this'll be my bit of wisdom for now.

In this writer's memory, a 'Task Force' was an assemblage of naval vessels: aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, attack transports with troops, brought together for the purpose of assaulting an enemy stronghold. It is hoped that this task force and others like, go about their tasks with equal vigor and determination.

The investigation of this particular task force took the form of enquiring into and recommending changes in the following particular areas:

(a) composition and structure of parole authorities;
(b) parole from provincial prisons
(c) Temporary absence and day parole;
(d) Remission of sentence and mandatory supervision;
(e) The relationship between parole and sentencing;
(f) The procedure of parole selection including statistical bases;
(g) Parole violations; the process for application of sanctions;
(h) The desirability of appellate or review structures;
(i) The liaison between parole services and penitentiary services

The task force consisted of four members:

Hon. Mr. Justice James K. Hugessen
Mr. James A. Phelps
Professor J. Irvin Waller
Mr. Richard G. Gervais

They began their work in June, 1972 and submitted their report to the Solicitor General on November 30, 1972. They discussed the parole and prison term setting systems with a wide range of officials in the United Kingdom, the United States federal system and in the States of New York and Washington. In Canada, they conducted their proceedings in a series of informal discussions across the country with a cross-section of informed and experienced persons, including individual inmates and inmate groups

Their report is surprisingly brief and makes 58 recommendations. Space limitations do not permit us to reprint all of them but among those that will be of particular interest, should they be adopted, are:

2. In each region, there should be a Regional Board consisting of a chairman and seven members who are respectively;- an independent citizen not directly involved in the correctional process, a judge, a senior police officer, a psychiatrist or psychologist, a person with responsibility for program in correctional institutions, and a person with responsibility for the supervision of offenders in the community.

4. Local Boards should be established for institutions within each region, consisting of: senior institutional personnel, senior parole personnel and an independent citizen from the communities to which prisoners may be paroled. Local boards should have jurisdiction to decide all parole cases involving inmates serving terms of less than five years who have no history of crimes of violence and Regional Boards should have jurisdiction to decide all other parole cases, except those

(see next page)

requiring cabinet approval.

11. There would be a National Commissioner for Parole in Ottawa whose duties would include the overseeing and co-ordination of the work of Regional Boards, etc.

18. Existing temporary absence legislation should be amended to restrict temporary absences to those with escort for medical and humanitarian reasons.

19. All other temporary absences should be designated as temporary paroles and fall under the jurisdiction of the appropriate Regional or Local Boards.

20. Regional and Local Boards should have the power to delegate the implementation of temporary paroles with regard to any inmate once the decision to grant temporary parole to such inmate has been approved in principle.

22. Statutory and earned remission should be abolished in both provincial and federal institutions.

23. The law should provide that any inmate, if not sooner paroled, shall serve the last one-third of his sentence on mandatory supervision.

24. The normal period for parole or mandatory supervision should be eighteen months. Any decision to continue supervision for a longer period can only be made by a panel of three members of the Regional Board.

30. Regional Boards should have the authority, in special circumstances, to grant full parole prior to normal eligibility. Success on temporary parole should be specified as being one of such special circumstances.

31. Explicit criteria for parole should be established by legislation.

33. The reasons for every parole decision should be given at the hearing, recorded and as soon as possible communicated to the inmate in writing.

34. At every hearing, the inmate should have the right to be represented or assisted by a person of his choice.

39. Conditions of parole should be specific and limited to those which are designed to prevent the parolee from repeating his offence or committing a new offence.

43. Whether or not preceded by suspension, parole revocation proceedings should commence by a notice in writing to the parolee, alleging specific violations of the conditions of parole.

44. A revocation hearing should be held within three weeks of such notification before three members of the Regional Board.

49. Where revocation takes place, time spent on parole or mandatory supervision prior to the issuance of the warrant of suspension should be credited as time against the sentence of the court. The same should be true with regard to forfeiture except that time should be calculated only to the date of the proven new offence.

Readers are reminded that the above are recommendations only and, as such, bear no weight in law.

TOASTMASTERS INTERNATIONAL

FORM NEW GROUP

IN MATSQUI INSTITUTION

In April, 1973, a small group of men got together and started a Gavel Club in Matsqui and decided to name it the Trident Gavel Club.

In August, 1973 the club obtained its charter, number 91, from Toastmasters International with which all Gavel Clubs are affiliated.

The purposes of the Gavel Club are:

1. To help its members improve their abilities to communicate effectively;

2. To provide for its members instruction, educational materials, and opportunities which will give them skill and experience in the preparation and delivery of speeches.

3. To encourage its members to read and to listen analytically;

4. To provide its members fair and constructive evaluation of efforts toward self improvement;

5. To increase its members knowledge of the rules of parliamentary procedure and their skills in conducting meetings and participating in group discussions.

6. To afford leadership training for its members;

7. To provide opportunities and encouragement for its members to appear before audiences and creditably express their thoughts.

The club meets regularly at 7:00 on Sunday evenings. Membership is limited to 25. Future plans for the club include speaking engagements in the outside community as well as inviting speakers from the community to attend our meetings in the institution.

Prospective members must be sponsored by a present member and are expected to attend three consecutive meetings before being considered for selection by the serving members. We are convinced of the need for such a group and we hope to maintain a full and enthusiastic membership.

# Alcoholics Anonymous

Apart from the obvious one, A.A. in Matsqui has been truly one of the real highlights in my life. It would be less than honest if I were to say that I would like to be anything other than a friend and guest as the A.A. Patio Group, but I must also state that the Group has been instrumental in my continuing sobriety, I for one am very certain that without the Patio Group I would have found it very difficult to have 11 months of sobriety in my background. For this fact alone I am very grateful to the members of that group and to the people in the administration that have been of help to me as the Sponsor of the Group.

One person that I would like to thank in print is the R.T.I...., a guy that has been of great help to me and to the Patio Group, whether or not they realize just how much.

I must admit that when I first went into the institution, I was another one of the ignorant public, although I had had my odd night in the City Tank and the mental hospital bit, I was as naive about what heppened to an inmate as are most of the public who only read about you guys in the newspapers and could really care less what happens to you. Thank God I have had the opportunity to come to know a great many real great guys and now realize that none of us are really different; some of us were just a lot luckier.

Having always had a healthy regard for law and order (at least when sober) I have an even greater respect for it now. This is not the same as saying that I have a high respect for our 'Justice' now that I have learned at first hand just how much injustice there is in our courts ways of dealing out sentences on past records rather than the actual crime. For this I do not hold the prison authorities responsible, as they are strictly there as custodians, but I do hold the courts and our system responsible for the inequities which I have learned at first hand.

A.A. is one great group of people who never ask questions of an individuals past but only hope that in some way they may be of assistance to some ones future if that person has a sincere desire to lead a sober happy way of life that is mostly foreign to those of us who have been an Alcoholic for either a few or many years.

The fellowship that has been shown to myself and other guests by the Patio group has been fantastic. I must also say that it has been reciprocal on the part of many from the outside groups who have truly benefited greatly just by our association with you men. It is not uncommon to have as many as fifteen or twenty guests at the Wednesday meetings, and I must say that for an institution group this is rather fantastic to say the least.

It is because of the group and the many friends that the group has made over the months that all this is possible.

In A.A. we have a slogan, "Stick With The Winners" and though I know it seems odd, a great many of us feel that we are sticking with the winners of the future.

A.A. NOTES - by Ray McNicoll

I am pleased to be able to write these notes because all the news of the past month has been good. It is gratifying to know that the many members of the Patio Group work together to make this one of the more active and successful groups in Matsqui Institution.

Everyone deserves some praise for their efforts I am able to mention but a few. Jerry M. and Al C., our two sponsors are to be commended for the boundless energy which they expend in their efforts to maintain the flow of interesting activities in the group. The way these two members schedule the pick up and delivery of guests to our meetings would rival the skill of a Greyhound traffic despatcher.

The sincerity of Grant L., our chairman is felt at every meeting. Joe M., our secretary, who handles all the nitty-gritty details deserves praise for his handling of this task.

Most of all, I am impressed by the genuine warmth that abounds within the group. The outside guests are always impressed with the reception they receive and are much appreciative of the insight that they receive into the problems of prisoners.

Inside members, in turn, have an opportunity to meet with members of outside groups and to hear how A.A. works in the community.

The last meeting saw the presentation of a cake to Tony F. for one year's sobriety.

A former inmate and Patio Group member has sent us news of his arrival in Scotland; Robin sends his best to the Patio Group and hopes for our continued success.

A.A. Thought:

I am not afraid of tomorrow,
For I have seen yesterday,
And I love today

BITS AND PIECES

People can be divided into three groups:

Those who make things happen.

Those who watch things happen.

And those who wonder what happened.

(John W. Newborn)

Prisons isolate and incapacitate. We have contradictory expectations of them. Simultaneously we expect them to rap a man alongside one ear while whispering reform to him through the other. You do not train airline pilots in a submarine. Indeed in proportion that a man adjusts himself to prison life he unfits himself for any other life on the outside.

(Ivan Kronsteen)

"A planet doesn't explode of itself," said the Martian astronomer, gazing off into space - "That they were able to do it is proof that highly intelligent beings must have been living there."

(J.W. Wheelock)

A BITTER MORNING

J.W. Hackett

A bitter morning:

Sparrows sitting together

Without any necks

TARPAPER re prints, without comment, this extract from Hansard, the official record of the House of Commons, 29th Parliament.

Wednesday, July 25, 1973



## PENITENTIARIES

### PRINCE ALBERT—REQUEST FOR COMMISSION OF INQUIRY IN VIEW OF FAILURE TO DISCOVER ESCAPE TUNNEL—ALLEGED SHORTAGE OF CUSTODIAL OFFICERS

**Right Hon. J. G. Diefenbaker (Prince Albert):** Mr. Speaker, I direct my question to the Solicitor General. In view of the peripatetic excursions of Harold Ballard, going in and out of penitentiaries at his pleasure, apparently, and the recent discovery that for seven months a tunnel was being constructed beneath the walls of the Prince Albert penitentiary from the outside without being suspected by the various penitentiary officials who have visited that institution, would the minister agree that consideration should now be given to the setting up of a commission to look into the penitentiary situation across the country?

**Hon. Warren Allmand (Solicitor General):** Yesterday the penitentiary authorities found that a tunnel was being dug by certain inmates in the Prince Albert minimum security prison—

**Some hon. Members:** Oh, oh!

**Mr. Allmand:** —from outside the walls of the Prince Albert maximum security institution. The two people involved were transferred to maximum security and an inquiry is continuing.

**Mr. Fairweather:** No OFY or LIP grant?

● (1430)

**Mr. Allmand:** I might say that there are several inquiries going on at the present. There is the committee set up by this House to look into conditions in penitentiaries and, as I said about a week ago, I hope it will visit the west to look into conditions there as well.

**Mr. Diefenbaker:** Mr. Speaker, the minister is slightly in error, because it was eight days ago that dogs looking for illicit liquor among the prisoners made the discovery of the 35-foot tunnel.

**Some hon. Members:** Oh, oh!

**Mr. Diefenbaker:** Under all the circumstances, I should like to ask the minister whether he would explain why it was that these various officials including the head of the department, who was in Prince Albert to look into the institution, had not been able to discover this very large tunnel, a fine architectural piece of work I am told, and why it is that in that institution the situation today is that there are 29 fewer custodial officers than there should be? Will he explain how this unusual occurrence took place, because in another month or so the prisoners could have walked out?

**Mr. Speaker:** Perhaps the minister might be allowed to reply.

**Mr. Allmand:** Mr. Speaker, in the report I have now there is no indication as to how the tunnel was found, but it was found. If it was found with the help of dogs, I think that is to the credit of the penitentiaries service.

**Some hon. Members:** Oh, oh!

**Mr. Allmand:** It is precisely for this reason we have dogs in our penitentiaries service.

**Some hon. Members:** Oh, oh!

**Mr. Allmand:** With respect to the charge made by the hon. member regarding certain custodial officers, I have to check into that. I have no information whatsoever that there are 29 officers short, but I am surprised to hear it. I will check into it and report back to the House.

**Mr. Speaker:** The Chair will recognize the right hon. member on a supplementary and then the hon. member for Greenwood.

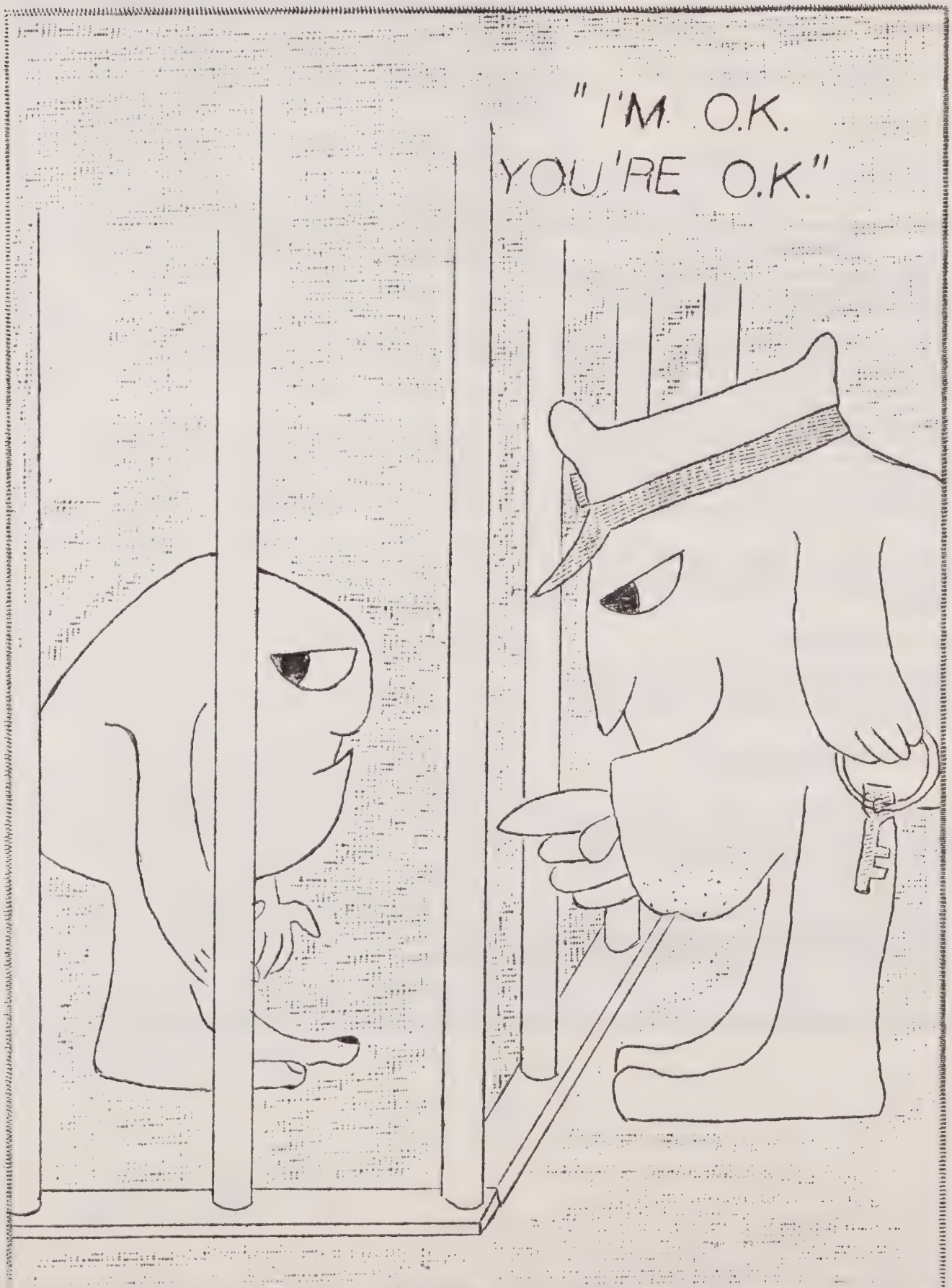
**Mr. Diefenbaker:** I would not like any "doggone" false information to go out, but those dogs were not in the penitentiary service.

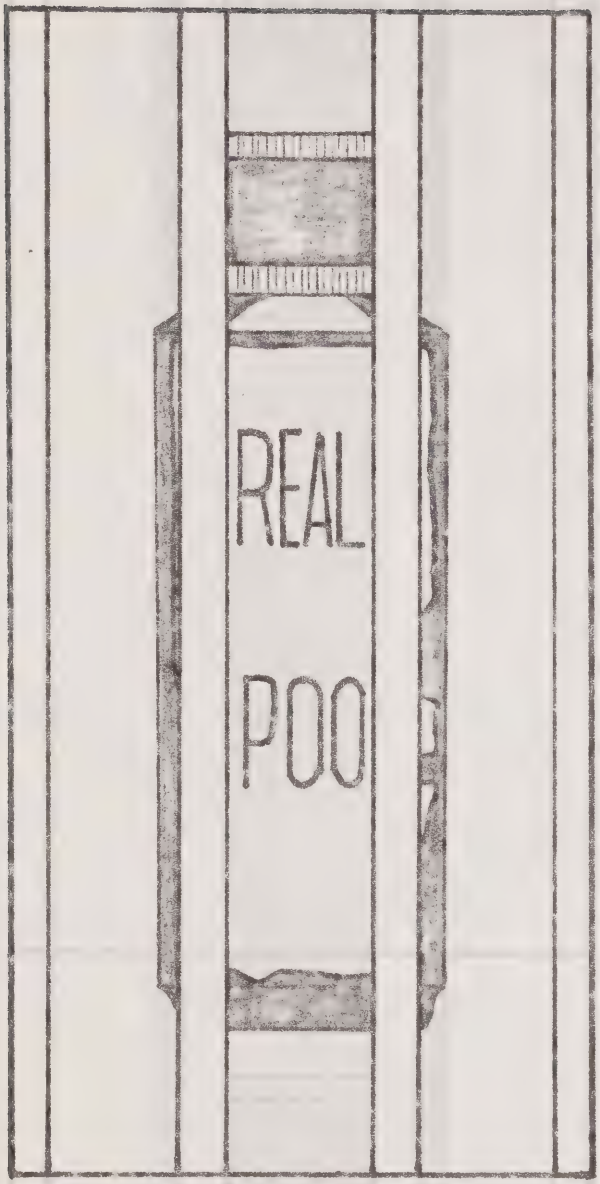
**Some hon. Members:** Oh, oh!

*[Later:]*

**Hon. George Hees (Prince Edward-Hastings):** Mr. Speaker, I have a supplementary question for the right hon. member for Prince Albert [illegible] to the Solicitor General. In view of the [illegible] existing in our penitentiaries as described by Mr. Harold Ballard, and as this appears to be the only institution in which you can get a steak dinner at a reasonable cost, would the Solicitor General ask those in his department who are investigating this tunnelling operation outside the Prince Albert institution to ascertain whether those who conducted it had in mind helping people to get out of the institution or to get in?

**Some hon. Members:** Oh, oh!


"I'M O.K.
YOU'RE O.K."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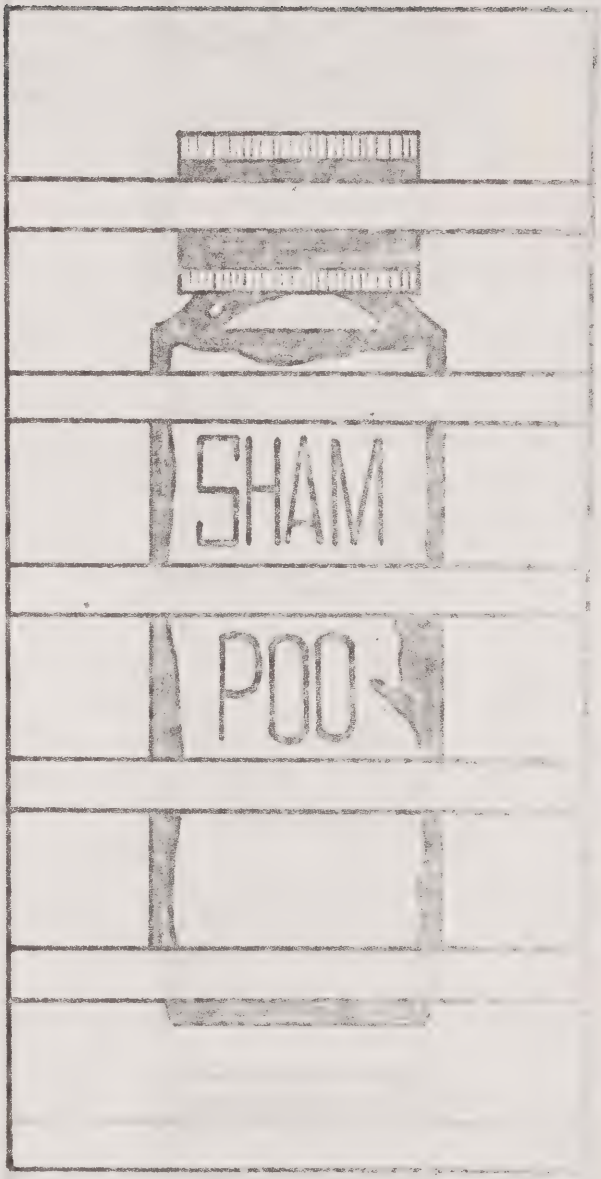
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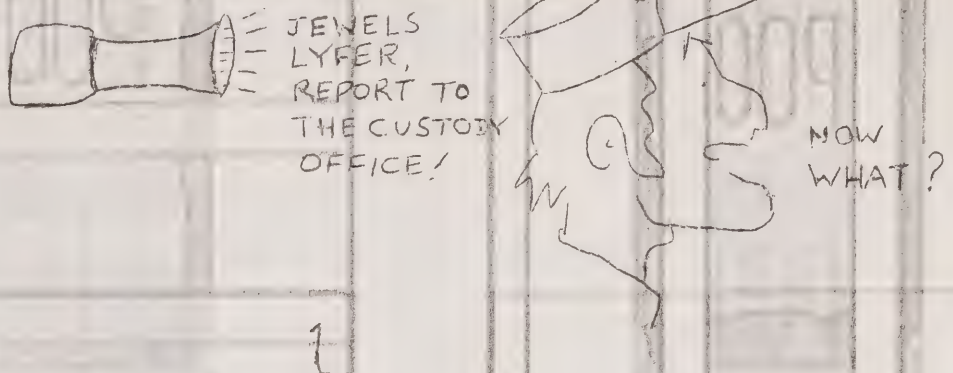
# JEWELS LYFER TAKES THE TEST....

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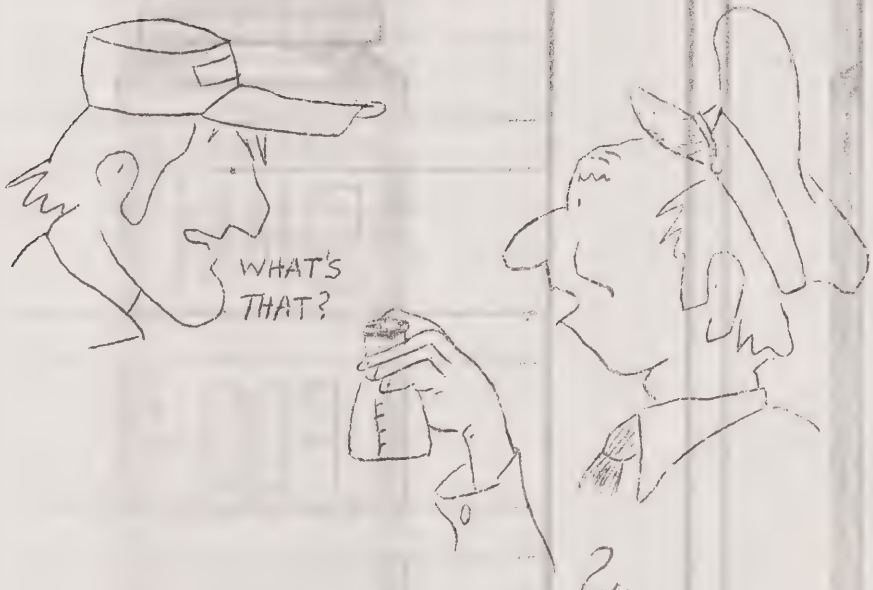


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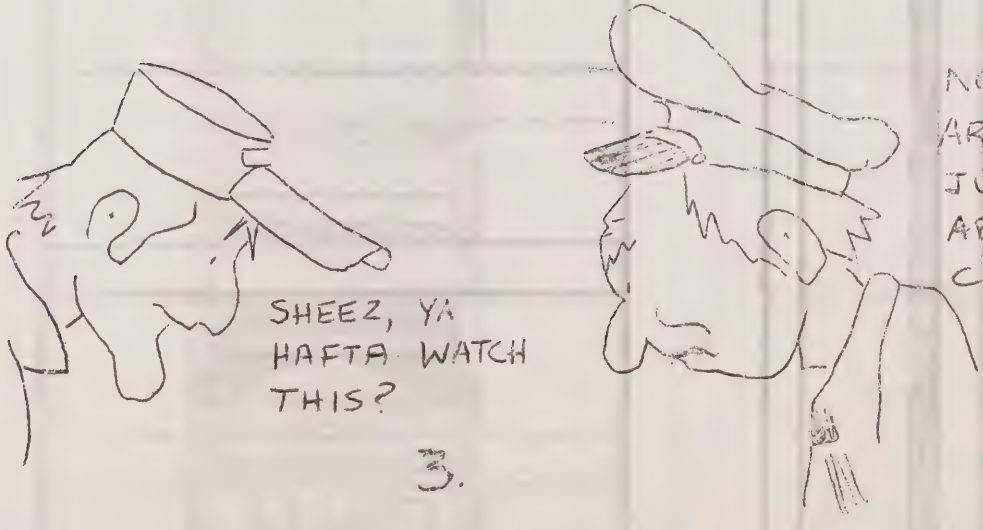


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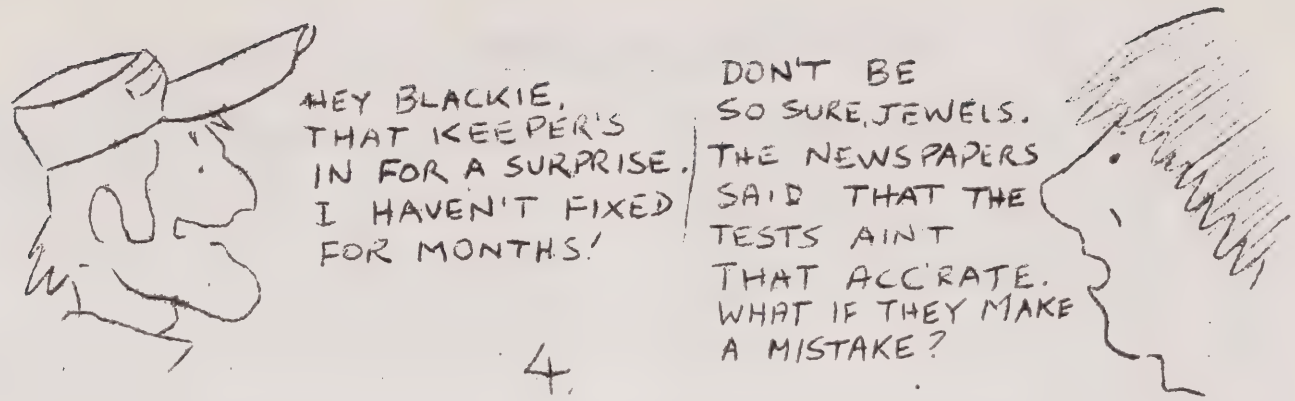


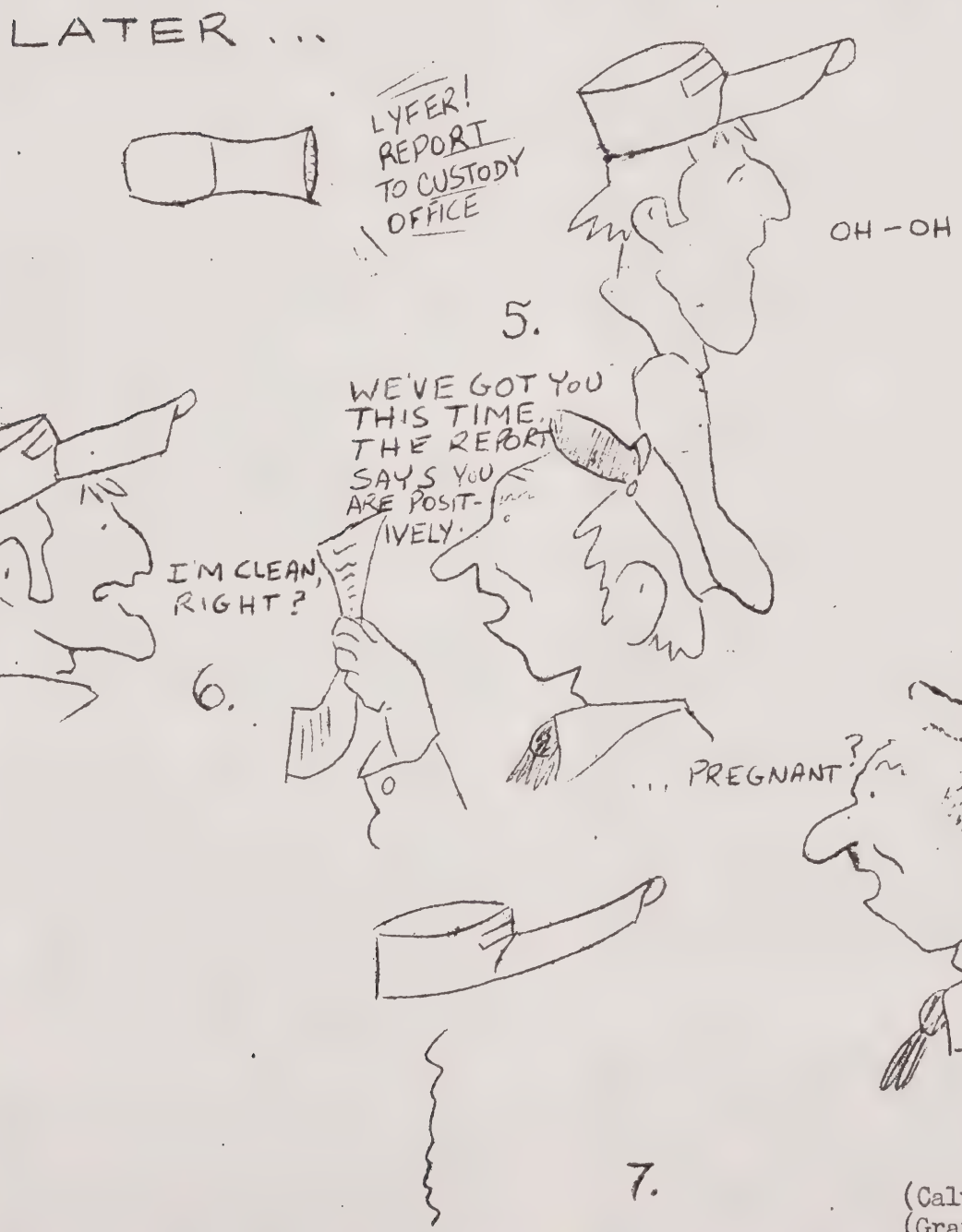


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TARPAPER 1973

# THE PRISON GAMBLE

by Les Grant

Very little has happened in the business of penology over the past 150 years that couldn't be written off as mere myth and theory that has had no measurable effect on the imprisonment rate. Some prisons have been modernized, but most date back to early in this century or beyond. Yet it makes no difference whether a prison is decrepit or streamlined. Ex-prisoners keep coming back to prisons, old or new, with identical and alarming frequency.

This problem is of as much concern (if not more) to those with criminal records as it is to penologists, politicians, and the public. With odds almost 4 to 1 against a man staying out of prison once he's been there, our anxiety is understandable. We'd like a better break from the odds-makers, whoever or whatever they are.

These odds may soon change. Penal corrections has reached a cross-roads after years of failure, and which new road becomes the most travelled will depend upon the amount of influence that almost diametric movements bring to bear on government. On one side we have the well-armed Behavior Modifiers, the "radical right," lusting in covens across the continent for opportunities to establish their Clockwork Orange of surgery, drugs, electroshock, aversion therapy, and sensory deprivation. On the other the "New Left", and not nearly as well armed, are the humanists who think we should "tear down the walls" of all but a few prisons for dangerous criminals, and treat most convicts in the community.

The outcome of this struggle (it's more than mere competition) is obviously of greatest importance to every convict everywhere, for the stakes are as large as each life being squandered in the present system. Realizing this more and more prisoners today are informing themselves of the strategies that are being prepared on either side of them. We're caught in the middle, and we know that we'll have to take an active role in our own futures and of those that follow us.

Hence, it's inevitable that the traditional practice of "doing one's own time" will be sacrificed in favor of national and world-wide unification---the creation of a strong but reasonable voice that must be heard before penology embarks down any more unexplored roads. We must have our choice, and new methods must be designed not to impress (falsely) the public, but the convicts.

Most prisoners are willing to change the "acts," but they're not equipped to do so after long terms in today's prisons. No type of conditioning *in* a prison (or hospital) is ever going to guarantee lasting change outside. As it is, most of us leave prison in a childlike, dependant state, with an optimism and euphoria that is soon clobbered by reality. The twenty percent that do learn how to cope with life outside prison seem to survive because they have encountered some new situation or environment comprised of people whose advice they respect, and who offer encouragement to them when they need it most.

Prisoners would like to see less of these huge budgets spent on glamorizing prisons and their programs, and feathering nests for career custodians and other ineffectual prison personnel. They would rather see more being spent in organizing the free community to accept the treatment of prisoners outside the wall, where any positive change must occur.

Parole would cease to be the controversial thing it is, with its sensationalized failures and unfair selection methods, because parole would be obsolete in a community that learns to participate in the reformation of crim-

inals in half-way houses, small community centers, and any other means that will divert non-dangerous offenders from the dangerous dehumanization of prison.

In the long run, it will be less of a gamble to take a road through the community rather than to or through prison, because the odds will be in everyone's favour.

. . . . . .

COMMITTEE NEWS

by Pete Bergen

Two new committee members were elected to fill vacancies during August; Paul Mayer to represent One West and Sutherland for Two North.

Arrangements for an agreeable system of serving refreshments in the visiting area are being worked out including the acquisition of a coke machine

Methods of filling the coffers of the Inmate Welfare Fund in hopes of having more money available for our activities are being worked out in order for us to make these activities more elaborate.

The arrangements for any further concerts or open visits such as Labor Day First of July, etc. will be made a little smoother by trying to discuss all the anticipated problems with the senior staff members.

A more workable system for looking after the record players is being devised in order to prevent further damage to it.

Attempts are being made to create another band in the institution. It is hoped that this group can be put together for T.A.'s.

If you are interested in having bands come in more often, more donations are needed for the inmate welfare Fund. These funds will cover open houses and the music groups that have come into the institution in the last few months.

LITTLE BUMMERS

The guys who spend their canteen money on pop and candy and bum smokes from their friends.

The guys who walk into the T.V. Room half-way through a program and want you to tell them, in one sentence, the whole complex plot of a movie.

The guys that never buy matches and bum them from their friends. Who would turn a guy down for matches? Best advice to them is to spread it around one box a day from a different guy means that he wouldn't get back to the same guy around here for 350 days. Nobody notices it then.

The guys that holler "focus!" when the projectionist is doing his best.

Guys that throw butts at the movie screen. Why do they do that?

Guys that walk into your cell while you are reading and say "reading eh" and then hang around so that you can't read.

Guys who think they are so special that they don't have to stand in line.

Experts. Don't ever argue with an expert--although history is filled with experts that have been dead wrong.

Guys who leave whiskers in the sink after shaving.

People who cannot count.

People who cannot add.

People who cannot.

People who.

People.

The locale of this story is a real place and Sully Green is a real person. Other than these two facts, all persons and incidents are ficticious and purely the product of the imagination of the author. Any resemblance to live persons is purely a matter of coincidence.

# A Convict Named Mobius

by Felonious Convictus

The day Sully Green disappeared had begun the same way that every day began for the inmates of Matsqui Institution. They arose, were counted, washed, shaved, ate breakfast, and reported to their shops and classrooms.

Twenty one days ago, inmate number 3.1416.....Sullivan Green, had disappeared without so much as a puff of green smoke to mark his departure. Sully had been seen to leave his cell in the usual way but he failed to arrive at his classroom. Somewhere along the circuitous route from his cell to the dining room, to the classroom, he had vanished.

Professor Dactic was dimly aware, as he began his morning lecture on the destructive elements inherent in fascism, that Sully's chair was vacant and he idly assumed that he had gone on sick parade or perhaps had been called out to receive a visitor. However, at the mid morning lecture break Sully had still not appeared and the security office was queried as to his whereabouts. They had no idea where he was, and the dark roots of panic began to tremble. He was not in the hospital; nor was he receiving visitors; his cell was checked..not there! Sully's absence was brought to the attention of Mr. Brutus, Captain of the Guard, who immediately ordered the entire inmate population into their cells and conducted a nose count followed by an identity parade.

No sign of Green! His cell remained empty. A thorough search of the institution requiring 48 hours turned up a forrage of contraband ranging from home made wine to someone's pet guinea pig..but no Sully. On the third day after his disappearance it was generally conceded that Sully had pulled off a masterful coup..a broad daylight escape from prison! And there the matter stood until, on the eighth day, Sully Green was seen strolling blithely along the walkway between the cell block and the kitchen.

When Mr. Brutus heard this report, he went into a purple rage and ordered that a 24 hour watch be kept by at least two officers in each section of each walkway and to ensure that every foot of the way was under constant surveillance. Sully Green was seen eleven times during the first three shifts. He was first spotted by security officer Mr. Real Apathee who immediately shouted to his partner Mr. Bullbook, and together they dashed in hot pursuit of Sully who was casually strolling along the walkway, he turned 90° right into the walkway leading to the classroom and promptly disappeared. Apathee and Bullbook, in hot pursuit of Sully, then charged panting into the arms of Mr. Hornet and Mr. Sade coming the other way, down the path up which Green had been going when he vanished

"Television" cried Mr. Brutus when he heard this report, "It's that cursed video tape machine that these cunning criminals have been playing with! They are projecting that image all over the joint as part of an evil plot to discredit me!" "But all the inmates are locked in their cells, sir" replied Mr. Sade. "Remote control! You idiot! Don't you ever watch

(see next page)

Mission Impossible?" "No sir. I've always preferred Batman." "Take every T.V. set out of this jail and every bit of electrical equipment, and lock it up!"

After this order had been implemented, Sully Green was seen strolling blithely past the hobby shop.

The next day, a meeting of senior staff members was held in the boardroom and the following verbatim notes were taken by a stenographer:

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY SERVICE

Security Classification: TOP HUSH

Minutes of a special meeting of an ad hoc committee formed to enquire into the circumstances surrounding the disappearance and unauthorized absence of inmate 3.1416...Green, Sullivan.

CHAIRMAN.....Warden Pristine
OBSERVER.....Mr. Circumference (Solicitor-General's Department)

MEMBERS

Dr. Tangent.....Prison Psychiatrist
Mr. Proboscis.....Counsellor
Mr. Brutus.....Captain of the Guard
Reverend H.T. Thou.....Prison Chaplain
Prof. D. Dactic, M.B.E.....Academics Dept.

Inmate Informers (to be called if required)

Nicolas Habich
Joseph Libido

WARDEN PRISTINE — Well, what's all this about?

MR. CIRCUMFERENCE — It's got me beat all to hell. I'm just here to observe anyway.

DR. TANGENT — Shouldn't we have an agenda?

MR. BRUTUS — That's in Newfoundland, isn't it?

MR. PROBOSCIS — No. South America

REV. THOU — That reminds me, my wife has gone to the West Indies, you know.

PROF. DACTIC — Jamaica?

REV. THOU — No. She went of her own accord. Tee-hee! Hoo-hee!

DR. TANGENT — Well, since we don't have an agenda and we are stuck with this shape of table to which I have repeatedly objected, I suggest we get to the matter at hand.

(see next page)

WARDEN PRISTINE — An inmate is missing and that's a custody matter. Mr. Brutus we have all read your report and unanimously reject it, out of hand. What do you say about that?

MR. BRUTUS — He's not missing, he is still in the institution and I'm keeping him on the count. He has been seen on numercus occasions by reliable and trustworthy members of my staff including Mr. Apathee, Mr. Rullbook and Mr. Hornet, all good security men.

WARDEN PRISTINE — OK we all know the situation; we've rejected Brutie's report. Let's have some theories and see if we can develop a working hypotheses.

MR. BRUTUS — That's in geometry isn't it?

PROF. DACTIC — No. You're thinking of hypotenuse.

MR. PROBOSCIS — I think its mass hypnosis! Remember the Shadow and the Phantom? They used to do it all the time! Maybe this crafty Newfoundlander has cracked their secret.

WARDEN PRISTINE — Oh. Is this inmate a Newfoundlander?

MR. PROBOSCIS — That's the whole trouble in Canada today. Too many Newfies. We should never have let them into confederation.

REV. THOU — I was wondering if this were a sign, so to speak. Perhaps even a miracle!

DR. TANGENT — Let's just leave ancient Hebrew folklore out of this, shall we!

REV. THOU — If it weren't for Jesus, we'd all be Jewish, you know.

DR. TANGENT — Gentlemen, we must try to keep our heads while those around us are losing theirs and blaming it on us.

MR. PROBOSCIS — Blame! Blame! Who said anything about blame? Nobody's fingering anyone else around here. Why do you think we form all these boards? So no one person has to take the blame when things go wrong. It's a protective device to evade individual responsibility and spread the blame around so that no one suffers at promotion or pension time.

PROF. DACTIC — But when things go right you certainly take the credit don't you. You never spread the plaudits around.

DR. TANGENT — Boards are long, hard, narrow, and made of wood, they have no brains.

(see next page)

WARDEN PRISTINE — Gentlemen, we're all in this together and I don't intend to single out any one of you to shoulder any blame. I intend to handle this in the way I have handled many other crises over the years so that myself and my loyal staff come out of it smelling sweet as roses. No, Gentlemen, your promotions and pensions are secure. You may feel free to open up and offer your theories for our collective consideration. Has Green escaped?

DR. TANGENT — Inmates don't escape any more! That kind of thing went out with high button shoes. They talk their way these days; it's far less dangerous; they don't get shot, and we even give them a little money to help them on their way.

MR. PROBOSCIS — What do you mean "talk their way out?"

PROF. DACTIC — He means that in order to get a parole they must flatter some junior 'ologist of some kind in the counselling department. It's really quite simple and the ones who know how virtually always are paroled and those that don't know how simply don't get paroled.

MR. PROBOSCIS — But parole is mandatory now. They have to serve their 'time off' on parole.

PROF. DACTIC — Yes, and that quite effectively cancels the Remissions Act and gives the inmates no reward for which to strive in the institution and when they are released they can be clapped back into prison at any time upon the basis of any junior social worker's opinion.

MR. PROBOSCIS — Parole officers are highly qualified and carefully selected by their own kind. I respect their judgement. If they revoke a parole, the guy has got it coming.

PROF. DACTIC — I personally have spoken to many men in this prison whose paroles have been revoked and they have never been told why. They have committed no new crime. They did not ask for parole in the first place and they are now sitting confused and bewildered in maximum security cells. I had always believed, until recently, that sending a man to jail was a grave matter to be settled in a court of law, by a judge and jury, and not a trembling civil service clerk in a cubicle.

MR. BRUTUS — I don't know what you guys are talking about; Green is missing and all you guys can talk about is parole! Hey! Maybe he got a parole. Did any of you guys give him a parole?

MR. PROBOSCIS — Maybe we could do that now; and when we find him, we can revoke it and no one will be the wiser!

REV. THOU — No. This group is too large and too diversified to keep a secret. Someone would tell Pat Burns or Jack Webster.

(see next page)

MR. PROBOSCIS — That's just why we have such absolute departmental autonomy--to keep our judgements secret. That is just why department heads become so firmly entrenched - total security for our secrets. My department doesn't concern anyone but me and that's the way it should be.

PROF. DACTIC — How about the inmates? Does your department concern them?

MR. PROBOSCIS — A generalization.

PROF. DACTIC — It sounds like fragmentation of purpose. How do you coordinate your activities with related departments? Do you not collate your findings with others? How do you ensure continuity?

MR. PROBOSCIS — All on paper, of course. We use more paper than any other department. Good for the economy in the Just Society.

PROF. DACTIC — But I thought the primary concern of the counselling department was people, and their problems, and their reformation.

MR. BRUTUS — Now listen professor, Mr. Proboscis has worked here a long time and he ain't never give us no trouble. He don't interfere with your fruity poetry lectures so don't you poke into his paper work.

WARDEN PRISTINE — Do you think we should call in those two inmates outside and ask their views?

MR. BRUTUS — No! I object to inmate interference! They'd say anything to get out of here. Let them sit on the bench for a few more hours; sweat them a bit and then send them back to their cells.

PROF. DACTIC — I have a theory which I would like to lay before you but since it is outside my discipline, I have taken the liberty of inviting one of my colleagues, Prof. Rhine of the Para-Mathematics Department at SFU, to attend this meeting. He is outside now and I will call him in as soon as I tell you a little about his credentials and experience. Prof. Rhine graduated from Heidelberg in 1940 with honours in Esoteric Mathematics and did graduate work after the war at Duke University in the U.S. He has travelled in Egypt and Tibet where he studied the arcane arts of the Ancients and is now doing original research on mathematical concomitants inherent in the genetic structure of the double-helix as applied to the new sciences of bionics and clone modification in the field of genetic engineering.

Ah! Here he is now. Gentlemen, Professor Rhine.

PROF. RHINE — I waste no time. I know the problem. I don't care to know you people. I lived among your kind during the war. Must I instruct you? Do you know what is a Mobius Strip? Every schoolboy knows of the Mobius Strip.

MR. BRUTUS — I never was a school boy, I went straight into the Provost Corps when you Jerries started to play Master Race.

(see next page)

PROF. RHINE — A Mobius Strip is an empirically demonstrable device which illustrates the existence of a topological configuration of a surface that posesses only one side and only one edge. It has other curious properties when it is cut and and divided. I demonstrate. He is a strip of paper about 45 centimeters long and 4 centimeters wide.

MR. BRUTUS — Isn't that a little bug with a lot of legs?

PROF. DACTIC — No. You are thinking of a centipede.

PROF. RHINE — Himmel! How could be that people like you won the war?

Anyway, you take this strip and bring the ends together, give one end a 180° twist and paste ends together, thusly. Now, draw a line along the length of this strip and you will see that you don't have to turn it over because it is a piece of paper with only one side! See how the line I drew met with its own beginning without my having to turn the paper over. This strip has only one edge as can be seen if you run your finger along the edge you will return to your starting point without turning any corners. Gentlemen, I submit that the maze of walkways in your institution did, for a brief moment, become a Mobius Strip and your missing inmate is walking around in it unaware that he has slipped through the surface to the other side, which is a dimension unknown to modern man, and well known to the Ancients of the East where I had the pleasure of studying. It is not in the present state of the art of Esoteric Mathematics to be able to tell you when or if he will return. There are simply too many parameters and too many unknown probabilities to handle the problem with today's computers. There is your problem explained. I have no solution. I will send you my bill. Auf weidersein.

WARDEN PRISTINE — I think we've had enough vaudeville for today. Prof. Dactic, you do not have my permission to bring that German Hippie into my institution again; and you shall confine yourself to your lecturing duties. By the way, what does esoteric mean?

MR. BRUTUS — I think it is a sex perversion invented by Herman Goering. Mobius STRIP! Indeed!

At this point the meeting adjourned while the members went to get their free lunch.

(see next page)

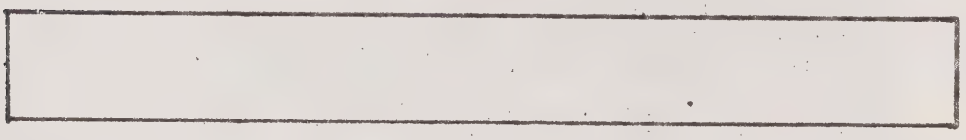
A few days later, the twentieth since Sully's disappearance, Prof. Dactic noticed a crack in the floor of the walkway which led to the classroom. It was about 4 inches long and barely the wideth of a hari. He pointed it out to Mr. Brutus and speculated that perhaps a mild earth tremor had occurred, which shifted the pattern of walkways slightly, and momentarily converted the maze of corridors into a Mobius Strip. Mr. Brutus turned routinely purple and stomped off vowing to have the cement mason repair the crack.

The next morning Sully Green walked in, unaware of his absence, and was immediately clapped into irons and carried off to the black hole, confused and bewildered. Just at that time Mr. Proboscis walked in and started to enquire about the startling return of Sully, but Prof. Dactic interupted to say that NOW is the time to fill in that crack! Mr. Mark Sade came storming into the room saying "What the hell have you guys done with Mr. Brutus? I just saw him walk right down the pathway and turn into this room. What have you done with him, eh!

## THE MOBIUS STRIP

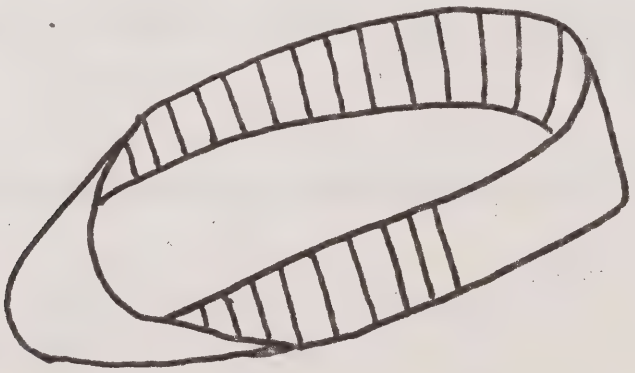
Take a strip of paper with parallel edges. Bring the ends together and turn one end through 180° and join with tape.

TOP



BOTTOM

The result is called a Mobius strip after the topologist who first discovered and examined its properties. Some amusement may be had by drawing a line with a pencil along the strip parallel to its long edges; you will find that you can draw the line on both sides of the paper without having to turn it over.



Then try cutting it with scissors along the line you just drew and you will find that not all things that are cut in half become two pieces.

The word 'censor' comes to us from the ancient Roman empire and the duties of the censor in that society, among other things, included the investigation of persons accused of mistreating their slaves. There have been a lot of chariots under the archway since then and the censors of today usually stand alone, damned by one if they do and damned by another if they don't. Nobody likes the censor and he is continually shifting in and out of favor with those who employ him and those whose work he censors.

## Public Censors

The censors of public entertainment, movies, books, t.v. etc., have a curious responsibility that is envied by none, in that they must decide what is and what is not suitable for the consumption of a public whose standards of morality shift rapidly and with little logic or predictability. Ideally, a mature and sensible public has no need for censorship of any kind. In the ideal society, if one is confronted by something that offends him--he simply does not look at it, or read it, or listen to it, and those who wish to look at it are free to do so. The moralists stoutly maintained that Lady Chaterly's Lover would corrupt those exposed to it. These short sighted and fervently single minded people failed to consider that since they said it was corruptive, and since they had read it, that they must now be corrupt; and if we follow this line of reasoning a bit further, then public censors must be the most corrupted of all--because they read, see, and hear <u>all</u> these corruptible materials, constantly.

## Freedom of the Press... and TARPAPER

An essential ingredient of a free society is freedom of the press. Tarpaper is <u>not</u> produced in a free society and is censored. Prison publications, in their 93 year history have conducted a running skirmish with wardens and their staffs and every conceivable gambit has been employed by cunning tacticians on both sides. Some prison papers simply are stacked decks, completely controlled by the staff and their editors are firmly subjugated to the will of the administration. Other, are apparently produced by virtue of the editor's sense of what the administration will permit or endure. A few, very few indeed, are totally open and uncensored. The Indiana State Penitentiary's inmate paper 'The Encourager', founded in 1953 and with an annual circulation of 16,000 copies has, since 1966, enjoyed full freedom of the press, and is not subjected to censorship of any kind. This landmark in the history of penology came along in a package containing the abolition of mail censorship, corporal punishment, and solitary confinement. The Indiana Commissioner of Corrections when asked if he thought this new freedom for the penal press might lead to the creation of unrest or be a threat to institutional security, replied, "We can never teach our inmates responsibility without giving them some."

Why must our enlightenment always begin in that noisy little republic to the south?

# SENATE PAROLE HEARINGS

The Senate Proceedings on the examination of the parole system in Canada have been in progress for over a year and have covered vast areas of the problems which confront Canada's fourteen year old parole system. The printed record of this investigation and survey runs to hundreds of pages, covering a wide range of recommendations, briefs, and testimony from a great many sources: The Commissioner of the RCM Police, the Chairman of the Parole Board, inmates and former inmates, parolees, the Salvation Army, The John Howard Society, and many others. The briefs and testimony offered by these groups and individuals are of such length and complexity that Tarpaper can reporduce only some of their highlights. This month, we reprint selected extracts from the testimony of Dr. Tadeusz Grygier, Professor of criminology, who holds three degrees: political science, law, and psychology and has 'served time' in Siberia.

CRIME AND THE LAW

Dr. Grygier: Probably my main battle is not against crimes that are unnecessarily crimes, but against unnecessary definitions. For instance, I would abolish rape from the law books. I would certainly not introduce hi-jacking. It does not mean that they should be legal; they are illegal. The use of threat, intimidation and so on is illegal anyway. It does not particularly matter whether it is for the purpose of getting money or for the purpose of getting sexual satisfaction. The range of sanctions is wide enough; we do not need duplication; therefore, I would be much more economical.

PAROLE AND PUNISHMENT

Dr. Grygier: It is rather interesting that in a study completed by the Center of Criminology in Toronto, penitentiary inmates favoured day parole. However, at the same time they opposed mandatory parole. They do not like the idea of being on parole when they have earned their remission. They feel that if they have earned remission no controls should be imposed upon them. It is also very clear from this study that many offenders feel that the sheer passage of time which they spend in the penitentiary is paytheir debt to society. I do not feel there is any more pernicious idea than that of an offender feeling that his stay in prison is paying his debt to society. He is paying nothing. Not only is he paying nothing, but he is costing the taxpayer a great deal of money. If he feels he is paying his debt to society, this means that he is not doing anything constructive but that he is busy paying his debt without any effort on his part. Later on he feels that he can enjoy the loot because he has paid his debt, and that he should not be under any handicap. He feels he should have exactly the same credit rating as everybody else, which is not practical; and, if he does not enjoy that privilege, he can begin from scratch and soon he will be paying another debt because he will have committed another offence.

Senator Ferguson: Perhaps the reason prisoners or convicts feel that way is because the feeling that they are being placed in prison to pay their debt to society has been prevalent in Canada.

The Chairman: It has been the attitude of both the general public and of the prison officials.

Dr. Grygier: Yes, and very often it has been the attitude of the judges. By the way, I do not feel that members of the Parole Board feel that way. Do they Mr. Street?

Mr. T.G. Street: I would say most certainly not.

Dr. Grygier: I did not think so. However, it certainly is a widespread feeling, and I think it is a pernicious idea.

Senator Ferguson: How can we overcome this problem and educate our people?

Dr. Grygier: I feel that if we really organize our correctional system on the basis of protecting society, and

SENATE PAROLE HEARINGS (Cont'd)

not on the basis of punishment or retribution, which contains the element of paying a debt to society, this will accomplish the purpose. Retribution does mean that once this has taken place the debt is paid. The National Parole Board members do not consider retribution to be their business. If their kind of thinking is generally adopted, in my opinion society will be better off.

THE POLISH PAROLE ACT

Senator Ferguson: In your brief, you mention that there should be a corrections code, rather than the overlapping acts which now exist, such as the Parole Act, the Penitentiary Act, could you illustrate please?

Dr. Grygier: There certainly are specific codes concerned with and covering all areas of the execution of sanctions. Such a code, which I obtained from Poland, was introduced in 1971. It is approximately three inches by five inches and would not contain more than thirty pages. And that contains everything: probation, parole, imprisonment - all aspects.

PAROLE RISK

Dr. Grygier: I am concerned particularly with risk, one usually thinks of the risks that the parole board or society take when somebody is released on parole, but one does not think enough of the risk involved in keeping a person in the penitentiary longer than necessary. That risk may be greater. If we continue calculating only the risk in releasing people, and not the risk involved in keeping people in the penitentiary, we will never have a sound policy.

TRAINING OF JUDGES

Dr. Grygier: The Prevost Report was influenced by the French system which give the judges very thorough training.

The Chairman: In Canada we have a situation whereby a man who is appointed a judge could have been, and very often has been, for the last 15 or 20 years limited to what would amount to what could generally be described as a corporation practice. He suddenly arrives on the bench, and for the next six months is probably detailed to the criminal courts to try criminal cases to get experience.

Dr. Grygier: I think it certainly is a standard system.

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Tarpaper odes not necessarily agree with all that Dr. Grygier has to say but he certainly is thought provoking character.

We will publish more extracts from these hearings next month.

# # # # # # # # # # # #

JUNGLE
Author unknown

Taken
From my home
Imposed
Into one
Not my own
Suffering
Abusements
All kinds
From the hands
Of educated men
In this jungle
Of intellect
Egos breed atrocities
And the atrocities
In turn . . . . .

# FEATURE RE★PRINT

by Al Rutledge of the Maryland Courier (Penal Press)

In his "Ballad of Reading Gaol" Oscar Wilde wrote "...the vilest deeds, like poison weeds, Bloom well in prison air, It is only what is good in man, that wastes and withers there." In these twenty four words he gave to penology, criminology, sociology and a host of other "ologies" what half a century of intense investigation has failed to do or, at best has only just begun to discover...that good adjustment in the prisons' atmosphere, is in effect, submission to the influence of the "vilest deeds" and that, by its very nature, prison is the sire of recidivism.

In two sentences Wilde said what the social sciences teach in volumes: Man is a product of his environment, his behavior the expression of his experience.

The paradox of the prison system is: The inmate is expected to adjust to the codes of the society from which he came. However, prison is an environment that works its influence in concentrated specifics. Altruisms and abstractions aside, the inmate comes directly under the influence of "prison air."

He must serve a part of his life in the soil that breeds the poison weed. Society says that for this period he must be punished. And, indeed, he will be. But for ten, fifteen or twenty years? Not hardly! Survival of the fittest will continue to drive the man, despite the shackles or chains. Prison intensifies the will to survive. He must either go made, vegetate or adapt himself, by choice or chance, to the conditions under which he lives. The punishment must be lessened. In either case prison becomes the home and the society to which he belongs.

Prison rules and regulations are not the only elements permeating prison air and they are not the most influential. To the prisoner who views them only as instruments made to keep him the lowly condition of prisoner they have no influence at all.

The basic issue is the prisoner's physical, spiritual, and mental needs. He's frightened and there's no place to run; he's angry and can only strike at himself; he's contrite but few people care; he's arrogant but must bow to other men; he lusts for love and has no woman! Prison, its rules and regulations deny him all the means to satisfy his needs. What's more, they're propagated by the system of which he is not a part. But we find in prison cases of defiance, home made booze and homosexuality. Here, then, are the "poison seeds" and he is a part of the soil in which they grow.

If he's prison adjusted he's prison-oriented. Put him in the outside world and, chances are, you have a recidivist: a man responding to situations in a manner proven successful to him, behaving according to his experience. Hat and defiance cannot be expressed in terms of human decency and love.

He gets sleepy at the same hour each night, he sleeps confined to a small cell, he's clumsy with silver and chinaware; authorities say, "Don't worry, he just has to dajust." The body has been oriented. Orientation of the mind is not considered.

The fact is, society asks that the offender repent and adjust to the conditions of the normal society during his prison stay. On the other hand the prison system requires that the convict obey and adjust to conditions alien to normal society. Of course, this man is expected to be a better citizen. But what, in "prison air" remotely resembles the principles of a good husband, a father, a neighbor, a man? Nothing!"

Prison's ultimate service is isolation of those convicted of crimes. It is the limbo of human society, where

(see next page)

(cont'd)
those convicted are confined. To conjure up virtures of glorious rejuvenation as its end is folly.

Look then, to the recidivist as a product of his environment and if he behaves in a manner expressive of his experiences, he has adjusted and the system's end is accomplished.

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STEALING IN JAIL OR HOW I WAS REHABILITATED BY BECOMING A GREAT WRITER

Russel Baird, in his excellent study of the Penal Press says of plagiarism, "It is a major sin for any writer, and prison editors have been especially sensitive about it because it does rear its ugly head habitually on the penal press circuit. On one occasion the editor of the San Quentin News suggested sarcastically that there should be at least one restriction: 'It takes a little something away from whatever reputation penal newspapers may have established over the years when certain "authors", probably more out of frustration than intent, publish stories under their by - lines, which in simple terms, they didn't write. What can we do about it? Nothing, except maybe suggest that if we must steal articles to break into print, let's at least steal from each other.'"

It would take a very alert editor indeed to be able to spot every piece of plagiarism that is submitted. The editor of the McNiel Island Lantern has employed a device which may serve to at least inhibit the input of such stolen material; he prints retractions and apologizes, on behalf of his paper for having fallen victim to a plagiarist.

A plagiarist is a thief and a liar. He first steals the material, and then lies about having written it.

The editors of Tarpaper are just as vulnerable as anyone else in this connection and, no doubt we will be had in the future, as we have in the past, but with one added feature, if we are fortunate enough to discover stolen material, we intend to publish the name of the plagiarist and the name of the true author, whether it be an obscure poem, or Gone With The Wind.

# # # # # # # #

COUNSELLING

The most outstanding feature of the weekly tier meetings is that there is not enough apathy to go around. A typical session will have a 25 to 30% absentee rate, and those unimaginative enough to have failed to find an acceptable frivolity upon which to base an excuse for absence, will sit out on the tier talking about nothing. Some will, out of boredom, or valour, try to raise some old issue that has been talked to death at previous meetings. Often one of the new arrivals will naively offer some suggestion and will be instantly cut-off with one or more of the routine answers.

To save time, it is suggested that these answers be assigned a number code:

| | |
|---|---|
| 100 | No (Translation: No) |
| 101 | Not enough staff (Trans. - No) |
| 102 | No money in budget (Trans. - No) |
| 103 | Contrary to security considerations (no) |
| 104 | We will take the matter under advisement (Forget it) |
| 105 | The matter is under consideration (it has been forgotten) |
| 106 | We will refer the matter to higher authority (We are afraid to say anything about it) |

Then, when any issue arises, the counsellor can save time and much verbiage by simply quoting the appropriate number, or if he is confused, he can select one at random. It is hoped that if this system is adopted that the weekly boredom can be reduced significantly.

# THE POETS CORNER

## News of the Phoenix

They say the Phoenix is dying, some say dead.
Dead without issue is what one message said;
But that has been suppressed, officially denied.

I think myself the man who sent it lied.
In any case, I'm told, he has been shot,
As a precautionary measure, whether he did or not.

...A J M Smith

# The Execution

On the night of the execution
a man at the door
mistook me for the coroner.
"Press.", I said.
But he didn't understand. He led me
into the wrong room
where the sheriff greeted me:
"You're late, padre."
"You're wrong," I told him, "I'm Press."
"Yes, of course, Reverend Press."
We went down the stairway.
"Ah, Mr. Ellis," said the Deputy.
"Press!" I shouted. But he shoved me
through a black curtain.
The lights were so bright
I couldn't see the faces
of the men sitting
opposite. But, thank God, I thought
they can see me!
"Look!" I cried, "Look at my face!
Doesn't anybody know me?"
Then a hood covered my head.
"Don't make it harder for us,"
the hangman whispered.

... Alden Knowlan

The recreation department of Matsqui has recently introduced the game of Lacrosse into the sports program.

One of the most intriguing aspects of this game is that it is one of the few games that originated in North America.

The Encyclopedia Americana gives this account:

LACROSSE: an outdoor sport legally recognized in Canada as the national game of the country and played also in the United States, England, Ireland and Australia.

The game originated among the North American Indians and was called by them batataway.

The sticks used by the players are bent at the top. Early French traders, the frist white men to see the game played, noted the resemblance of these sticks to a bishop's crozier, and from the French word la corsse the game received its new name.

The modern game is fast and rough, but cannot compare on the latter ground with the indian game. According to George Catlin, the American Artist and writer who spent many years travelling in Indian Territories, from 800 to 1000 players sometimes took part in a game.

These games were between different tribes and often lasted for several days; broken legs and arms were common and some of the players were killed. The contestants went into rigorous training for these matches, and the games were considered tests of the players' virility.

About 1840 lacrosse was first played by white men, and in 1867 the National Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed. Very soon the game was received in the United States where lacrosse clubs appeared in a few cities. One club in New York was at New York University and this marked the start of inter-collegiate lacrosse.

Harvard and Princeton had teams in 1881 and 1882 respectively and in the latter year the United States Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association was organized.

In the modern game there are 15 yards of playing area behind each goal. The goals are two posts six feet apart rising six feet above the ground and joined by a crossbar at the top. To the posts is fitted a netting, which is fastened at the ground to a stake seven feet to the rear of the center of the two posts.

Equipment for lacrosse consists of the rubber ball which can be no smaller than 7-$3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference and must weigh between 5 and $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. Each player is equipped with a hickory stick, or corsse, used for carrying, batting, and passing the ball. Sticks may be from three to six feet long, depending on the requirements of each player.

The object of the game is for each team to score goals by getting the ball into the goal of the opponent; each goal scores one point. The goalkeeper is the only player allowed to use his hands on the ball, this being permissible when he is attempting to prevent the scoring of a goal.

There are ten members of each team and a game lasts one hour, divided into 4 15-minute periods.

Each quarter begins with the ball in the middle of the center circle, the centers of the opposing teams facing each other with the backs of their sticks against the ball. This procedure is also followed when a goal has been scored. When the referree give the signal, the centers withdraw their sticks and each attempts to get control of the ball.

Matsqui is not likely to ever match the vigour and determination of the indians who originally invented the game and played for keeps, but everyone seems to enjoy the game for its own sake.

NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS NEW BOOKS

Some 100 new fiction items have recently been added to the library and among the most popular seem to be:

THE BLUE KNIGHT - Joseph Wambaugh

Bumper Morgan is one of the best damn cops in the business. Everyone on his beat's been saying it for twenty years Never mind that he's turned fifty years old, or that "his ass is two nightsticks wide," or that now his big belly sways and bounces when he dances to hard rock. He believes he's still the same macho his friend Sergeant Crus Segovia, always said he was. But in three days Bumper Morgan is retiring.

Bumper knows it's time. Time to take the better job that's been offered him time to marry Cassie who is beautiful, living, intelligent: "the best deal" he ever had.

Yet there's the beat to reckon with. The beat fascinates him, sustains him, tests his strength and street cunning, mocks him and yet glorifies him. The Blue Knight is not only the story of Bumper Morgan, it is the story of the beat. Crus calls the beat "that puta who seduced you all these years."

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS-Kurt Vonnegut

Still number one of best sellers list and well publicized everywhere. This guy is weird. Kilgore Trout returns.

THE ODESSA FILE - Fred Forsyth

The author of Day of the Jackal returns with this book which seem to be a hot item for reasons which escape me.

ON INSTRUCTIONS OF MY GOVERNMENT
Pierre Salinger

A peek into the inner workings of world and U.S. politics.

REGIMENT OF WOMEN - Thomas Berger

This is a fantasy by the author of Little Big Man. Read it.

THE BOWMANVILLE BREAK - Sidney Shelley

German U-boat crews freak out and hassle their keepers in escape drama based on actual incident in Canadian P.O.W. camp in WW II.

THE DIGGERS GAME - George V. Higgins

The author of The Friends of Eddie Coyle has come up with this one now. I don't know anything about it because I have not read it and don't think I ever will because a guy I don't like told me to read it.

OUR GANG - Philip Roth

The author of The Breast has thrown this one at us now.

YEAR OF THE YAHOO - I don't know anything about this book but the title kind of grabs me the right way.

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT - Harry Abraham

This is a king of a weird little story about a master-criminal in the future who commits inter-planetary robberies makes his get-away in a wild variety of disguises and extrordinary space ships. This book is different.

THE DICE MAN - Luke Rhinehart

This controversial novel sets forth the notion that a roll of the dice may be just as meaningful as reasoned choice when it comes to making decisions. Killing is no more nor less a free choice than deciding whether or not to have orange juice for breakfast.

# Guide and Location Map
# MATSQUI CORRECTION CENTRE
# Abbotsford, B.C.